

MARCH 1936

25 CENTS



The American
LEGION

MONTHLY



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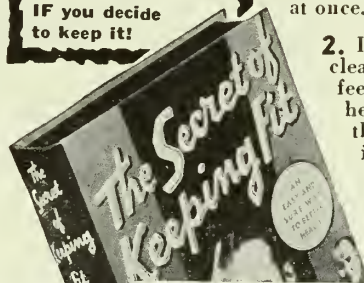
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For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.

MARCH, 1936

The American LEGION

MONTHLY

VOL. 20, No. 3

EXECUTIVE AND ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES
Indianapolis, Indiana



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521 Fifth Avenue, New York

★ "AY, TEAR HER TATTERED ENSIGN DOWN!"

THIS month's cover, by W. J. Aylward, depicts the most famous ship in our history, the U.S.S. *Constitution*, under full sail. Hardly eighteen years after her most noteworthy victory over the British frigate *Guerriere* on August 19, 1812, she was slated for the scrap heap when Oliver Wendell Holmes saved the day with the masterly poem whose opening line is quoted above—a line as familiar to American schoolboys as the Fourth of July or the story of Paul Revere's ride. It was when the *Guerriere's* shot bounced off her solid oak sides that her crew gave her the glorious nickname "Old Ironsides." On three later occasions the noble vessel has been reconstructed, the most recent being just before the Twelfth National Convention of The American Legion in Boston in 1930, where she shared the honors with other national patriotic shrines.

A YOUTHFUL but mighty Legion marched down Euclid Avenue in Cleveland in September sixteen years ago. The Legion will march again in Cleveland in this coming September—a mature and a mightier Legion. For four days—September 21st to

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Please report change of address to Indianapolis office, including old and new addresses. Allow five weeks for change to become operative. An issue already mailed to old address will not be forwarded by post office unless subscriber sends extra postage to post office. Notifying this magazine well in advance of impending address change will obviate this expense.

24th—it will bring the rest of the United States to a metropolis on the Ohio shore of Lake Erie. America, viewing its greatest pageant, will see itself mirrored in the gaiety and glamor and the serious business of The American Legion National Convention. Right now, circle the dates on your calendar. No better time for a vacation.

THE final instalment of prize-winning Big Moments—twenty-seven absorbing little chunks of life, some funny, some tragic, all gripping—will appear in the April issue. The third article in Frederick Palmer's important series on the radical movement in the United States will tell how the reds are seeking to make converts among the nation's youth. Leonard H. Nason, returning to the magazine after a six-months' absence, offers a hilarious account of the making of a soldier—to wit, himself. Clarence De Mar, the greatest Marathon runner who ever wore Legion colors (or you can just call him the greatest Marathon runner) will describe the handicaps under which the twenty-six-mile boys operate and Hugh Wiley's famous Wildcat, one of America's great humorous creations, will dog Old Man Trouble to his lair in the turbulent Bordeaux sector.

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ERIN GO BRAGH



BY
PETER
B. KYNE

*Illustrations
by
Wallace Morgan*

WHEN Lieutenant McCune, 29th Trench Mortar Battery, A. E. F., entered his observation post shortly before dawn, he bent a small flashlight around its interior to see if the trench periscope and the field telephone he had left when knocking off work the evening previous were still there. He was gratified to observe that they were, but not a little surprised to find lying on top of the field telephone box a large brown envelope addressed:

TO THE OFFICER CONDUCTING THE FIRE OF THE TRENCH
MORTAR BATTERY IN THIS SECTOR.

Realizing this communication was meant for him, Mr. McCune opened the envelope and read:

"Friend Enemy:

"This billet doux is left here by the German officer conducting the fire of the Austrian 88 gun that has been annoying you so extensively the past week. For reasons of privacy, as you, of course, must realize after reading this letter, I was forced to the unpleasant job of delivering it myself. If my return journey back across No Man's Land should not be attended with luck, you will be aware of it because the artillery fire directed against you tomorrow morning will not be nearly so accurate.

"I'm tired feeling around for your trench mortars. We've sent planes over and taken photographs, but you must have done a splendid job of camouflage because we are unable to locate you. Evidently the mauling I gave you three days ago resulted in your taking some excellent preventive measures.

"Naturally, since I was unable to locate you through my trench periscope from my observation post, I had to come over for a closer inspection. It wasn't a job one could leave to an enlisted



He hid his face in his hands and sounded off a small coronach

man, for look you, O child of cunning, since I conduct the artillery fire against you, it is, specifically, my job to locate the target!

"Well, in the quaint patois of the Americans, 'Lafayette, I am here.' I thought I saw a head sticking up out of this hole yesterday afternoon, so I took a compass bearing on the spot and, after dark, crawled over. And lo, I discovered your observation post. By the extremely simple expedient of following your telephone wire I have located your trench mortars. Is a wink as good as a nod to a blind horse, or must I destroy you and your gun crews in the morning? Ah, it is attention to little details that makes for greatness. I know it is a highly nerve-wracking task to string that wire from your O.P. to your guns before daylight every morning, because of the Very lights in No Man's Land, but you should have risked it. Instead, you decided not to haul in your wire, and trust to God not to have it cut by stray shell. Were I your commanding officer I'd court-martial you.

"You will wonder why, having secured this valuable information after so much trouble and danger, I apprise you of it. The answer is simple but most unmilitary. I have not as yet found an enemy I admire so much as I admire you, even though I criticize your lack of attention to detail.

"A more persistent man than your gallant self would be hard to find. After I had decided I had located your O. P., late yesterday afternoon I put a fast destructive fire down on it until you ceased firing for the day. My visit here tonight confirms my

suspicion that I did everything but drop a shell directly on top of you and your detail, which is not my fault but that of the flat-trajectory gun I'm using. Oh for a gun with a high angle of fire. No, I do not mean that, for I should sincerely regret eliminating a man who has the guts to continue to direct the fire of his trench mortars while the air around him is filled with dirt and metal.

"Well, here I sit snug in your O. P., inditing this windy letter by the light of a small flashlight. I almost feel that I am writing to an old and treasured friend. Such, however, is not my object.

"I suggest that we organize our joint task in such a manner as to afford each of us the maximum of comfort. Just because of you I have to be on this job from dawn till dark. My commanding officer will not relieve me because I'm his very best one-gun sniper. Consequently my eyes grow red, weary and watery gazing through an eight-power glass all day. I have no opportunity for exercise; I must sleep with the infantry, which is very filthy and lousy, and eat infantry food, which is not so good as that at my battery mess. Back with my battery I am in no such danger, but up front here annoying you I haven't much of a chance for my life. There are much too many wild shells dropping around my O. P., and rifle and machine gun bullets make me very nervous.

"Now, I suggest that you commence work sharply at seven o'clock. I will let you work half an hour undisturbed, to save your face with your C. O.

"At 7:30 A.M., I will open on you although I'll not be able to locate you or your guns immediately if you're as smart and resourceful as I think you are. But don't think I'll not try. Well, we'll both knock off at noon sharp, for luncheon. I like to take time at my meals and masticate thoroughly when I have anything to masticate. And I like a good smoke afterward. Besides, we should rest our eyes!

"At one o'clock we will go to it until three; then you knock off half an hour, and go to it again until five. Also I'll lay off your infantry trench if you will lay off ours. Our line bends toward yours about midway of your sector and you can reach about a hundred yards of it at your extreme range. Let us not kill infantrymen, but confine ourselves to our own particular jobs. Let us make this a sporting job, and may the best man win.

"If this proposition strikes a responsive chord in your heart, stick up a little white flag on the top of this O. P., tomorrow morning. And don't occupy it, because I'm going to knock your flag down just to show you what a good shot I am. That is, if I get home alive.

"Cordially yours,
"THE ENEMY."

It lacked an hour of daylight, but Mr. McCune was equal to his opportunities. While his telephone corporal and the latter's assistant spliced in more wire and crawled back to the infantry trench with it, the field telephone and the trench periscope, Mr. McCune staggered his trench mortars in deep shell holes some thirty to forty yards in front of their old positions. Very lights went up over the terrain from the German trenches at intervals of about three minutes; at the request of Mr. McCune none went up from the American trench, so, between flares Mr. McCune got his guns in their new positions. As he crawled back to his new observation post in the infantry trench he had a doleful premonition that he was going to lose some gun crews that day. Incidentally, he had set up a spade in his old O. P., with the



Away they went, with O'Shaughnessey in the lead, McCune covering them from the rear

handle showing about a foot over the top and his white handkerchief tied to it.

Promptly at seven o'clock his guns went into action under the curtain of smoke shells supplied at intervals by the field artillery in his rear, and the enemy wire commenced disintegrating. At the tick of seven-thirty, four shells landed in quick succession near his white flag; the fifth shell blew it to glory, thus demonstrating that Mr. McCune's recent light-hearted visitor had gotten home intact and was very much on the job again. He wasted neither time nor ammunition trying to get on the old gun positions, however, for apparently he had sufficient confidence in Mr. McCune's sagacity to realize that the latter had moved them. So he commenced feeling around for them with commendable industry but no luck until twelve o'clock, when he ceased firing. Instantly Mr. McCune telephoned his gun crews to cease firing also and partake of the food they had brought out with them.

During the noon hour Mr. McCune re-read the German's letter; for the first time he now had opportunity to give that remarkable communication the astute consideration it merited. As a result he came to the following conclusions:

(A) No German had written that letter. McCune knew German script. After graduating from Harvard he had taken a post-graduate course at Heidelberg.

(B) The psychology of his visitor was, decidedly, not German, nor was his style of expression. War, with a German, is serious business, with no room in it for frivolity, gayety or sportsmanship.

(C) An Englishman might have written that letter; certainly the handwriting was very English, but then no Englishman

would be in the German field artillery and, even if one fell low enough to be a traitor, he would not be silly enough to risk capture by crawling through No Man's Land to inflict his sense of humor and his impertinence on the enemy.

(D) Having decided, definitely, that the writer was neither German nor English, Mr. McCune suddenly had a grave suspicion that the action of his recent visitor and the psychology which inspired it was distinctly Celtic.

(E) Peasant Irish do not speak German nor would one such be likely to secure a commission in the German field artillery. Plainly, therefore, this fellow was an Irish gentleman, for his letter proved him to be a well-educated man. Dublin University or Trinity College, doubtless, and hence the English style of chirography. Yes, the man was a Celt, with all a Celt's perversity, non-understandable psychology and the racial instinct for self-dramatization. Only an Irishman can hate Englishmen as a race and love them and respect them as individuals.

Now, Mr. McCune was an American—the third generation in the United States of America, albeit his blood was pure Celtic. Celtic blood will react very nicely, indeed, to any environment, but no environment can react to destroy Celtic characteristics. Consequently, when Mr. McCune read that letter from a brother Celt, he flew into an ungovernable rage, in which state of emotion he was no longer an American, but an Irishman bent on destroy-

jobs, three square meals per diem and decent houses to live in, in addition to the liberty they craved.

It did not occur to Mr. McCune that his enemy, not being an American citizen, and never having even so much as pretended loyalty to the British crown, had a perfect right to join the German army if he chose, and fight the traditional enemy. Mr. McCune should have realized that in 1914 occurred the first opportunity in the lives of that generation of Irish to catch even for the indignities inflicted on countless generations of their deceased compatriots and, like the resolute fellows they were, they had smothered the opportunity. Was it their fault that three years later they found themselves shooting at American troops? It was too late to choose a new side then and McCune should have realized that.

He did not. He murmured: "The scut! The traitor! And the A. E. F. filled with his own kind! If there was a speck of decency in the vagabond he'd come crawling into our lines at night and have done with the war forever. I'll get that fellow if it kills me."

Now, had Mr. McCune, personally, not been the target of that renegade's gun he would have dismissed the man from his mind very promptly. But the knowledge that a brilliant Irishman was conducting fire against him made him extremely jumpy. No matter how good an artillerist a German might be, McCune

would have had a large contempt for his prowess, simply because the shooter was a German, and, hence, a member of an inferior race. But unfortunately McCune, being of pure Celtic descent, had the customary reverence of the Celt for his own people; bad as they might be he ever held that there was some good in them; he knew them to be very competent at whatever they attempted seriously and even when they showed no championship qualities he would make excuses for their failures. The fact, therefore, that he had been shot at by an Irishman, that for perhaps three days more he would have to stand for the fire of an Irishman, made him very pessimistic. The dirty murderer would kill him if he didn't mind his step.

Promptly at one o'clock the renegade (it is worthy of note here that by that appellation Mr. McCune now referred to the enemy in his frequent silent soliloquies) commenced ranging up and down the sector again. Inasmuch as his trench mortars were short of ammunition, Mr. McCune telephoned them to refrain from firing; his irritation at the renegade took the form of a childish enjoyment in making the latter search aimlessly around, wasting ammunition.

Suddenly and apparently in sheer obeisance to his mercurial nature, the renegade shifted his fire and planted a shell at the base of the parado of the infantry trench at the spot where Mr.

McCune was gazing through his periscope, appraising the damage his mortars had done to the German wire. A piece of shell ripped along the top of his tin hat, inflicting upon him instantly a frightful headache; showers of dirt and mud engulfed him, and the infantry major promptly cursed him and accused him of being careless and bringing fire down upon the backbone of the service.



He threw it in the air and hit it four times before it hit the ground

ing another Irishman whom he hated. He felt that this cheerful enemy had let the race down. In particular he had let down the United States of America, traditional friend of the Irish, the land that had received millions of them and given them good

It is doubtful if Mr. McCune heard him. "The filthy renegade!" he raved. "He said he'd lay off our trench if I'd lay off his—and I've played the game with him. Now he's double-crossed me! I might have known he would! That proves he's Irish! Lord, how I hate the race!"

Quickly he figured the firing data from his forward mortar to the bend in the German trench and dropped a projectile neatly into it. "Tit for tat," he snarled, and waited to note the effect of his reprisal. For five minutes the renegade was silent; when he resumed his fire it was to range up and down No Man's Land, seeking the trench mortars. "Hah," Mr. McCune murmured. "The German infantry commander didn't like that. This is a quiet sector and he wants to keep it quiet. So he telephoned the artillery commander and begged him to order that renegade with the pirate gun to lay off our trench or we'd start working on his. You foul scut! Let that be a lesson to you."

Evidently it was, for the renegade confined himself strictly to the trench mortars thereafter. Nevertheless, McCune did not forgive him and spent the afternoon, until four forty-five o'clock, meditating reprisal. At five o'clock he expended the last of his ammunition on the wire and knocked off for the day. The renegade did likewise.

That night the infantry major said to Mr. McCune, "I think that Heinie has a notion your O. P. is in my trench and from time to time tomorrow he'll reach for you. He may even get a notion that you have your mortars here and order a battalion of 88's to work on us. I don't like the idea and I wish you'd get the hell out of here."

A little later the artillery brigade commander called up and rawhided Mr. McCune unmercifully. "Young man, you're making very slow progress in your job of rolling up and breaching that strip of enemy wire in your sector. In three days we're going to put over a local assault and straighten out the salient in front of us, and you've got to get that wire knocked out so the infantry can walk through."

"I'm doing my best," Mr. McCune protested shrilly. "For a week I've been chased from pillar to post by the finest artillerist in the whole German army. He's run me out of half a dozen O. P.'s. He's smashed guns and gun crews. He's a devil. I can operate against any enemy artillerist except that fellow and I'd like permission from the brigade commander to suggest a very necessary change in our plan of operation, if that wire is to be down when the infantry goes through."

"The other trench mortar batteries on this front are getting forward with their jobs. They'll finish in time—"

"They wouldn't if they had a devil told off to stop them. He has a pirate gun close up and I'm sure his observation post isn't four hundred yards from me. If I can locate it I'll make short work of him, but I require time out for that sort of espionage. Please send somebody else up to shoot my battery tomorrow and leave me free to make a battle plan, sir."

"Briefly, what is your plan?"

"I'd like the best aerial photographs of this sector and a magnifying glass. I want two more trench mortar batteries on my front but I don't want to command them. I'll be busy elsewhere."

"Where, McCune?"

"If I can locate that devil's O. P. tomorrow I'm going over tomorrow night and capture him. He paid my O. P. a visit and left an insulting note, so common courtesy compels me to return the visit. If I capture or kill that man he will not readily be replaced—and while his gun is silent our trench mortars can finish the job. Once I capture that man's O. P. I'll stay there and defend it against all comers; if I do not come back that's all right, too."

"Your request is granted. You appear to be a ferocious man with ideas. If you do the job you contemplate and get back I'll recommend you for a captaincy."

"It's worth a colonelcy, sir, but I'll compromise with you for a captaincy. Thank you, sir."

By midnight he had his two extra batteries in position, turned over to his subordinate the task of getting plenty of ammunition in and retired to his cubby hole in the infantry trench.



The officer knew his visitor was fingering a hand grenade, but he didn't turn around

He was up at dawn and, immediately after breakfast, commenced a study of the aerial maps of the terrain. It was flat or gently rolling and had been thoroughly churned by shell-fire. It had been well demonstrated to Mr. McCune that for the renegade the visibility was excellent except when obscured by the brown smoke from smoke bombs and the trench mortar projectiles. The German could see the big sixty-pound spherical projectiles arching slowly across into the wire but to locate the mortars was not easy. Nevertheless, the renegade had managed to locate several of them during the past week and, unless eliminated, would undoubtedly locate several more. Mr. McCune had a strong suspicion that the renegade, like himself, had an observation post out in No Man's Land. So he paid particular attention to hiding places toward the middle and the southern end of the sector—and presently he thought he might have located one.

A short hair-line, so faint he missed it for upward of an hour, showed on the aerial photograph, so Mr. McCune bent his trench periscope in that direction and presently decided he had found an old, half-ruined sap that had been projected through the wire one night to within a hundred yards of the American trenches to provide a rallying point for a raiding party. The raid had not got across and the next day the sap had been shelled, but enough of it still remained to provide a very decent O. P. for any man bold enough to risk death crawling out to it. The renegade (Mr. McCune concluded) would be just the man to take that risk cheerfully.

He watched all day until his eyes ached with the strain, but not until about 5 P. M. did he see anything that seemed to justify his suspicions. The lowering sun was in back of him and suddenly he caught the tiniest flash of light on something bright; then it disappeared.



After dark the lieutenant who was to shoot the battery next day reported and McCune turned in for a little bunk fatigue. At 2 A. M. Corporal Perkins, his telephone corporal, awakened him, so Mr. McCune, with a bag of Mills hand grenades firmly lashed on his back, a pistol at each hip, and six hundred yards of light telephone wire in a coil on his arm, prepared to pay his duty call on the renegade. The telephone corporal cut one end of the wire Mr. McCune carried in on a German field telephone and McCune gave his final instructions.

"You or your assistant will sit by this box until I return. If I am not back by eight o'clock tomorrow night, it is probable I never will return; however, stand by all of tomorrow night just to make certain; sure you understand this German field telephone box I've given you?"

"Yes, sir."

"I may be telephoning you from another portable German field telephone, so it's best not to have our telephone nationalities mixed. Well, goodbye to you now, corporal. Keep your head down."

He slid over the parapet of the trench, glanced at the luminous face on his compass, as he shielded it with his tin hat and commenced crawling in his pre-determined direction. For a few minutes he would crawl rapidly through the inky darkness; then lie flat or slide into a shell-hole when the Very light went up. He bumped into stale corpses and from time to time was very ill at his stomach and forced to be silent about it; he told himself that soldiering was a dog's life and recalled a classical line to the effect that patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel. However, the prospect of a personal and private interview with his

tormentor heartened him; an hour before daylight he came to the old sap and slid down into it.

He unshipped his cargo, produced a tiny electric torch and explored the sap as he made his way cautiously up it, until he came to a point where it had been dug out in a semi-circle and a camouflage net set over it. Under the camouflage he found a collapsible wood-and-canvas cot, and a charcoal brazier.

"Hah," murmured Mr. McCune. "The lazy devil likes to stretch out and take a snooze after his lunch—like a noble Roman! Charcoal is not productive of smoke, so they warm themselves at the brazier and doubtless cook their sausage soup over it. The fellow likes to do himself well."

When he heard voices, then footsteps coming from the direction of the German trench, he shrank back out of sight around the bend in the sap. He waited until he judged the field telephone from the observation post to the gun had been connected and the trench periscope set up. From the silence he judged the renegade was studying the terrain or figuring his firing data; so he stepped out into view, his right hand holding threateningly a Mills hand grenade, and said:

"The top o' the morning to you—you big Irish baboon!"

His enemy did not condescend to turn his face from the trench periscope into which he was gazing; plainly it was his mood to treat McCune with contempt. "And the rest of the day to yourself, you monkey-faced Far Down," he returned the greeting. He moved the optometric center on the eyepiece an infinitesimal bit and bent to look through the periscope again. He knew very well his visitor was fingering a hand grenade lovingly, but he was much too contrary to appear aware of (Continued on page 44)

YOU *vs.* CRIME

By

Herbert F. Goodrich

*Dean, University of Pennsylvania
Law School*

*Cartoon by
John Cassel*

WHENEVER I hear or read one of the current discussions on the age old problem of crime there comes back to me the old fable about the four blind men and the elephant. The tale was probably in your reader in the fifth grade, but you may have forgotten it since then. These four blind gentlemen were confronted by an elephant and sought by digital examination to learn what manner of thing he was. One examiner grabbed the elephant's tail, another embraced the trunk, the third caught hold of the floppy ears, while the fourth ran his hands up and down the animal's side. To each of the examiners came a different concept of the term elephant and each was ready to defend his concept with words and force. The moral is too easy. Obviously, the elephant had all the qualities separately attributed to him by the blind men and many more besides, and, equally obviously, persons acquainted with only one part of a large thing are in no position to generalize about all of it.

Just to call crime a problem is to over-simplify; it is not one problem but a whole complicated web of them. Few of us, whether our interest is casual or engrossing, see more than one piece at a time. J. Edgar Hoover, able head of that very efficient organization, the Federal Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice, was quoted

as saying at a recent conference: "Here at this meeting, a criminal is understood to be a criminal, with a gun in his hand and murder in his heart."

There is one side of your crime question, and Mr. Hoover's description of the elephant. What is a criminal? He is a man of violence—killer, kidnapper, bank robber. What to do with him? Catch him, dead or alive, and if alive, remove him from the society he preys upon with all possible speed. A fine piece of work Mr. Hoover and his bureau do, and all good citizens are grateful. But there are many other types of social offenders than killers. What of this thin-faced young bank clerk whose routine task is to handle other people's money and who has "borrowed" just a few hundred dollars to make a margin purchase of stock which will make him rich without working? Or again, here is a pretty young miss in her teens, defiant, restless, discontented with her meager home, ashamed of her parents, now classified as "delinquent." She is a problem, no doubt, but not the kind

of problem typified by Machine Gun Kelly. Then here is a college lad who has been out at a fashionable party. He's not dead drunk but he is pretty high. On his way home in his powerful car he has hit a milk truck. The milkman is seriously hurt. This is bad business, too, and something has got to be done about it. But don't over-simplify your problem. It will take more than a good crew of G men to decide what is best to do. Finally, here's a group of twelve-year-olds who have been caught throwing stones through windows in vacant houses in their neighborhood.

It isn't much of a neighborhood and the houses aren't so good either. But the houses mean something to the property owners and, regardless of that, malicious mischief should not go unchecked. It is clear, isn't it, that even without getting any further than the personalities of those who are criminals in the

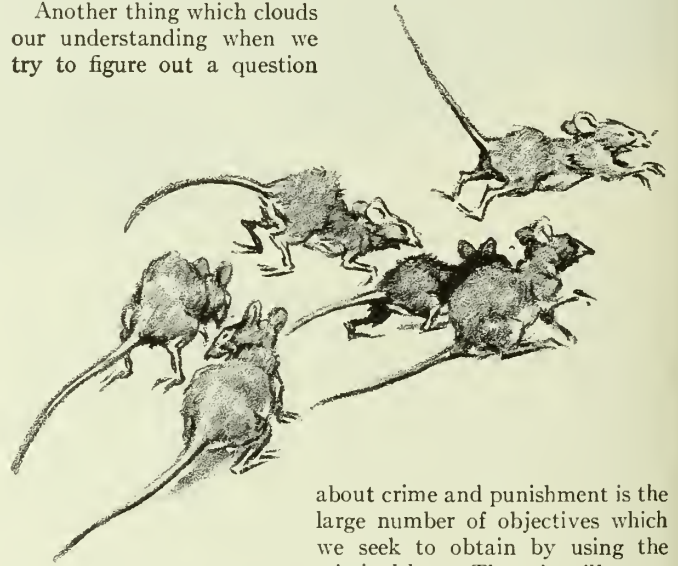
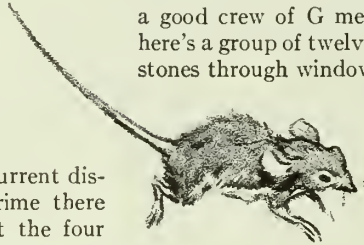
sense that they are law violators, our crime problem has shifted from a straightforward question of addition or multiplication capable of exact and provable answer to one of those miserably complicated things with several unknown quantities—the kind which hopelessly mired most of us in high-school algebra and now leaves us the more confused when the unknown quantities are human beings instead of abstract symbols.

Another thing which clouds our understanding when we try to figure out a question

about crime and punishment is the large number of objectives which we seek to obtain by using the criminal law. There is still something

left of the public show in the climax of a capital case. We no longer put the condemned criminal in the arena to fight with a starved lion while thousands watch and yell. Nor do we, as in the England of Pepys' day, make his beheading an occasion for general entertainment. Remember the description of these functions by this seventeenth century Walter Winchell? He attended many of them. A quotation from his diary:

Up, and after sending my wife to my aunt Wight's to get a place to see Turner hanged, I to the office, and at noon to the 'Change,' and seeing people flock in the City, I enquired, and found that Turner was not yet hanged. And so I went among them to Leadenhall Street, at the end of Lyme Street, near where the robbery was done; and to St. Mary Axe, where he lived. And there I got for a shilling to stand upon the wheel of a cart, in great pain, above an hour before the execution was done; he delaying the time by long discourses and prayers one after another, in hopes of a reprieve; but none came, and at last was flung off the ladder in his cloake. A comely-looking man he was, and kept his countenance to the end: I was sorry to see him. It was believed there were at least twelve or fourteen thousand people in the street.





Solve the problem of the petty offender and the job of stopping the big shot will become simpler

Other forms of amusement have taken the place of the public execution. But enough of us still want details about the last mile to make the account a front-page story in every notorious case.

There is a great deal left of the vengeance notion, too. If a condemned wretch has appendicitis, modern medical science must be called in to prevent a natural death and the patient be nursed back to health to pay his penalty at the appointed time. A watch is put over him so that he cannot cheat the law by suicide.

Reinforced perhaps by a chicken dinner, the shivering culprit is forcibly put to death by electric chair or hangman's noose. Did not the Greeks do it better when they let Socrates

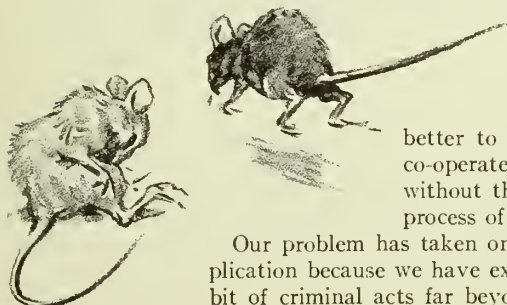
drink his cup of hemlock? If we decide that a man is not fit to live, isn't it

better to permit him to co-operate with society without the bloodthirsty process of killing him?

Our problem has taken on another complication because we have extended the orbit of criminal acts far beyond its ancient

scope of offenses against the King's peace. Crimes of violence of course are included now as then—homicide, robbery, arson, rape, assault and battery. Also offenses against property—larceny, embezzlement, forgery. Since we never had a system of church courts in this country comparable to the ecclesiastical courts in England, we have put into our law books penalties punishing many acts which under earlier English law were cared for as a matter of church discipline—adultery, fornication and the like. But the widening sweep of the criminal law has not stopped with these. We use the criminal code to forbid innkeepers from providing sheets of less than a specified length, to punish the sale of misbranded foods, and to regulate such divergent acts as parking a car near a fire hydrant and selling goods on the street without a license. Our governments use criminal statutes to aid in the important business of tax collection. Remember that Al Capone went to prison not as a killer but as a tax dodger. We even use criminal sanctions against what seems pretty much a matter of private concern with morals—lotteries, Sunday transactions, sales of cigarettes, possession of intoxicating liquor. Our elephant grows to be a many-sided creature. Small wonder that no one of us can describe him.

Wilber M. Brucker, of Michigan, when Attorney General of that State, compiled a list of the different explanations he had found for the cause of crime. They were nineteen in number and they ranged from lack of education, economic pressure, the breakdown of the old-fashioned home at one end, to drugs, foreign-born population, and the reluctant attitude toward the church at the other. Our many-sided elephant appears also to be a creature of very doubtful parentage. Whose (Continued on page 52)



THE REDS, THE ARMY, THE NAVY

By
Frederick
Palmer

FAKE American patriotism . . . Doping the people with talk of National Defense . . . The Stars and Stripes is the symbol of imperialist greed and cruelty . . . In a war between the United States and Japan let not American soldiers and sailors ask which they will support . . . There is no choice. Both are robbers."

What would happen to anyone who encouraged mutiny in this fashion in Italy, Germany or Bolshevik Russia against the dictatorship of Mussolini, Hitler or Stalin, respectively? Action would be prompt and swift.

Included in the "purge" would be the bookshops which purveyed such subversive stuff against the home government as is sold by the Communists' Workers' bookshops in the United States. In approved Soviet style, these stores would be wrecked.

Most of the books, pamphlets and journals on their shelves would be destroyed and further editions suppressed. Dealers, authors and publishers who escaped with only a jail sentence would not be allowed to pose behind the bars as martyrs. There would be no glory, no sport, no fun, no exhibitionism in their incarceration.

Through all this array of print runs the complaint against American suppression of the freedom of speech and the press. It would seem that Americans are under a harsh censorship, which keeps truth and justice from the light, while in Russia anybody may say or publish anything he pleases.

To any sane person the obvious answer to that is in what is offered to the reader in the bookshops, which may also be trumpeted at public meetings while the police look on and preserve order.

Another answer, a personal instance, is Tom Mooney. He is the great hero of the American reds and pinks, the supreme martyr exhibit. If he had been convicted—whether innocent or not—of the same kind of bombing outrage in Russia, precedents show that his execution would have been a matter of course.

Or, granting that he got a life sentence, he would be breaking rocks in Siberia to help double track the Trans-Siberian railroad in preparation for war with Japan; and he would have known what was coming to him from the gang boss if he so much as whispered that there was no choice between robber Japan and robber Soviet Russia.

For nobody knows better than the reds that nothing so stirs American emotion as the charge that an innocent man has been

condemned. With the open pressure of a body of public opinion behind Mooney, able lawyers with ample sums at their disposal have carried his appeal to the highest court in the land.

A champion of revolution, he gives out interviews from jail and the campaign in his behalf publicly proceeds. A convinced red, he cabled his congratulations from jail to Comrade Stalin on the anniversary of the Russian revolution which was won at such bloody cost in the suppression of all critical opposition to the dictatorship of the proletariat.

The real purge—a Nazi type of purge—such a purge as the Soviet conducted after the assassination of Kirov, Secretary of the Communist Party, with condemnation without a trial—would not have stopped with the bookshops. It would have proceeded upstairs in the headquarters building to the offices of the Communist Party.

It would have spread out into the Union Square region in New York at the same time it was equally thorough and busy in other cities in cleaning up all critics and opponents. For centering around the Communist headquarters are the headquarters of the Left Wing Socialists and many other societies and groups of varying shades of red.

Recently, when Stalin honored the leaders of the OGPU (secret police) with promotions and higher titles, the American Communist press saw this as an important item for the American faithful.

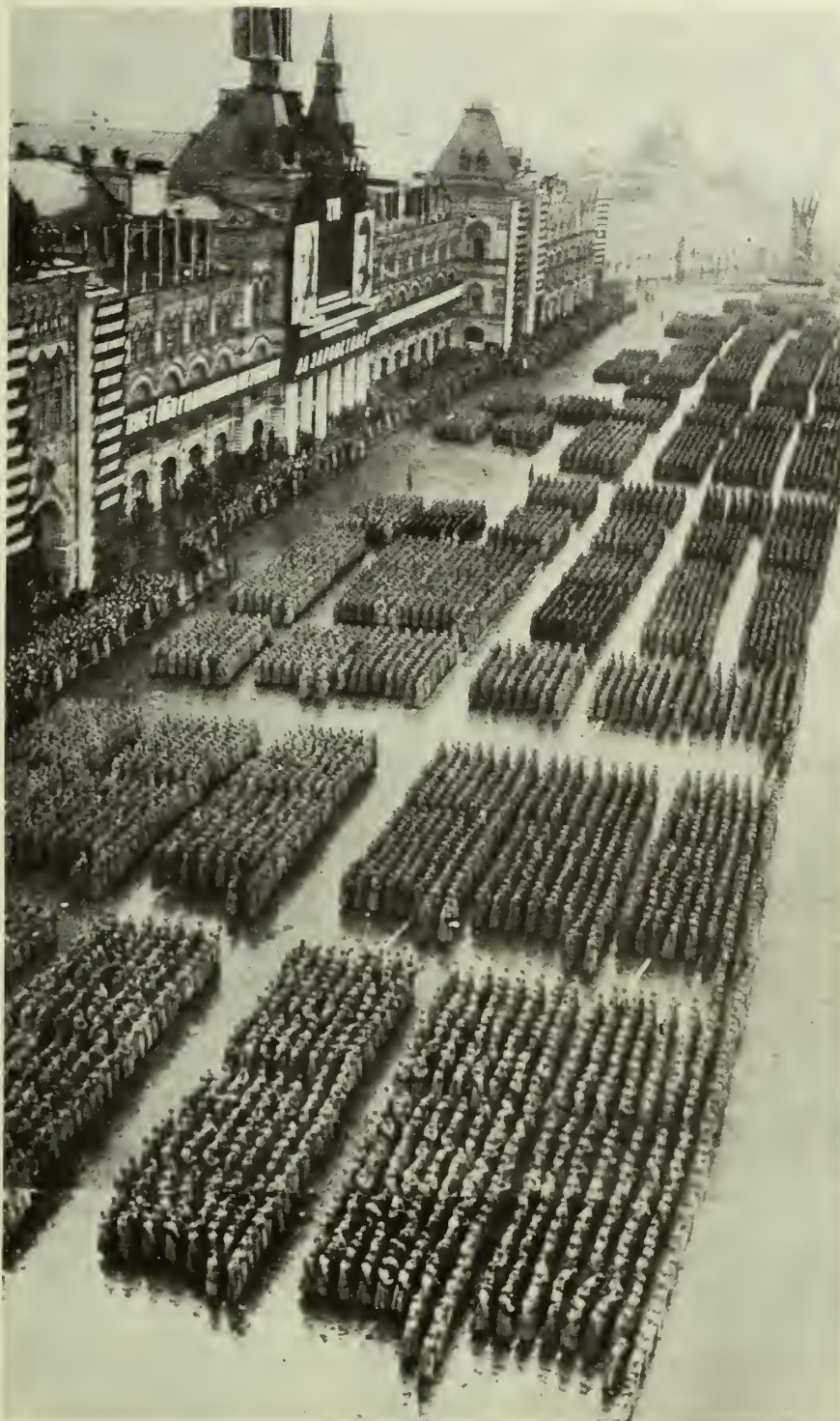


Communism's bait to the men of our Navy and the civilian employees of the Navy Department. Similar undercover organs seek to make red converts in the Army



But there is never any kind word for any American policeman. He is the hired enemy of personal freedom. Veterans of the World War, in the Communist view, are subservient allies of the police in the persecution of all who seek freedom of speech.

If it happens that in any community citizens deplorably take the law into their own hands, if a red or some undesirable citizen is hazed or told to move on to the next town, it would appear,



The mailed fist in a red setting—part of the Army of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics reviewed by Stalin and other leaders on the sixteenth anniversary of the Bolshevik revolution

Agitprop sees no hope for the Legionnaires. They are set in their unregenerate, blind prejudice. They are so used to slavery that they can see nothing better. But the regular armed forces may yet be saved. Moreover, they have the arms with which to make the red revolution. Agitprop would bring the light into the darkness of their misery—the light of the happiness of the armed forces of Russia.

Compare the joyous, free comrades of the Russian army (1,300,000 strong) with the gloomy, oppressed dog-robbers of the American army!

The quotations at the head of this article are in line with the general teaching of Communist propaganda. They are taken from special publications for circulation among soldiers and sailors. In each instance the reference to workers, or working class, should be understood as referring to their triumph through sovietism in class warfare.

Here we have *The Soldiers' Voice*, said to be "issued by and for enlisted men." Place of publication is not given. Letters, news and criticism are to be passed "to our representative from whom you receive this copy." It is described as the only paper that "truly exposes intolerable conditions in the Army. It is the only paper that shows soldiers they must fight together with their class brothers, the workers, and not against them."

General Douglas MacArthur, the late Chief of Staff, is called "the baby killer." And "what a bunch of saps we [the Regulars] all are!" Mutinies in foreign armies are played up to show the way to our soldiers. The harsh routine enforced by the War Department has been responsible, the propaganda asserts, for many suicides. Our National Guard is trained to act as "strikebreakers and scabs—to pump tear gas into women and children." It is being limbered up for greater battles against the American people and to shoot workers on strike."

by Communist opinion, that members of the local Legion post, though not one had any part in the affair, are cast for the part of the offenders. The Legionnaires are seen as snooping, bullying vigilantes. In fact they are deemed to be our unofficial OGPU.

All men who were in the American uniform in the World War were boos, according to the reds. Only conscientious objectors were noble. They now rank as heroes with the veterans of the Russian revolution.

But the depths of present abysmal servitude are reserved by red agitprop (agitation-propaganda) for the men of our Regular Army and Navy and our National Guard and Naval Reserve. They were formerly the mercenary servants of the American dictatorship of Herbert Hoover and are at present of that of Franklin Roosevelt, and will be of future Presidents who, for selfish ends, will ruthlessly train them for slaughter until they are delivered by the revolution which liberates them for service under the Soviet type of dictatorship.

Now for the personal boring-in which accompanies this agitprop. The present Communist plan is to enlist one man in each company. He is to avoid calling attention to himself; he doesn't distribute propaganda or indulge in subversive talk. He is a good fellow who adroitly fans any spark of disaffection and insubordination in others. That is, he is not himself a trouble-maker but encourages others to make trouble, and meanwhile is a red in good standing with some professional red chief.

I turn to *Shipmates' Voice*, published for circulation in our Navy. It advises our sailors to get further material from the Workers' bookshops. The quotations at the head of the article are from the *Shipmates' Voice*. It says further:

"We must organize groups on the ships and in the shore stations and elect leaders who represent our interests and those of our folks at home. Only by working class organization can we stop oppression at home, stop imperialist war, and defend the Soviet Union."

(Continued on page 40)

COUNTRY

By

John M. Oskison

THAT combat officers' replacement camp on a plateau above Gondrecourt, in the winter following the Armistice, was one of the bleakest, wind-and-snow-swept spots in France. If there were eight hundred of us homesick officers there, waiting to be sent home, I felt certain that seven hundred and ninety-nine fretted over the unavoidable delay, and cursed the weather.

The exception was First Lieutenant Benjamin Whatley of the Medical Corps. Quartered in the long shed-like barrack building to which I had been assigned, his cot was about as far north of the red-bellied stove as mine was south of it. Not near enough for me, except when I was in bed! At the beginning of my first day in camp, I moved my chair to join the circle of fire worshippers, and held my place against crowding flyers, signal corps loots, and infantry and artillery officers so fed up with war that, as they pictured it, you would have thought it less exciting than hunting rabbits. Only Whatley stuck to his chair beside his bed; seemingly immune to the cold. With plentiful heaps of note paper and envelopes from the Y hut beside him, he wrote letters.

Hour after hour, beginning as soon as the barracks had been policed early in the morning and continuing until lights out,

TORREST C.
CROOKS-36



with interruptions only for marches to the mess hall, Whatley went on writing letters. He seemed oblivious of us, undisturbed by our loud talk, the cub-bear scufflings of youngsters, our songs—ribald or sentimental. He might have gone over to the Y for greater quiet, but that had evidently not occurred to him.

On the third day of my stay, after we had tramped back from the noon meal through sleet and slush and, again ringed about the stove, tried vainly to settle upon a date for visiting the birth-place of Jeanne d'Arc, an extended silence fell. At length, a self-confident, voluble young flyer named Ross, who had been shot down across the line and but lately returned from a German prison camp, looked toward Whatley and questioned loudly, "Doc, don't you ever do anything but write letters?"

The medical officer looked up slowly, as if reluctant to stop his pen, and answered, "It's a good time to write, don't you think?"

"But," Ross leaped at the opportunity to draw him out, "you must have written a thousand!"

"No, only about three hundred so far."

"Can you tie that! Say, you must know a lot of people back

home—are you writing to tell them all that the war's over?"

At that, Doc laid aside lap-board, paper, and fountain pen, picked up his chair, and came slowly to join us.

He walked like a solid, big-footed farmer. His worn, ill-fitting

DOCTOR

WAR took him far from the Oklahoma town where he had long been making folks do the things they didn't know they ought to do, and from France he kept writing them letters telling them to keep on doing them

*Illustrations
by
Forrest C. Crooks*

uniform was wrinkled but spotless. His stiff, grayish-roan hair was matched by a thick, ragged mustache of the same hue. His broad, homely face was illuminated by clear blue eyes, as revealing as the eyes of a blooded bull terrier. He moved out of courtesy, coming close in order to answer Ross' questions without shouting. Sitting down, he passed a friendly glance over us.

"Where are you from, Doc?" Ross asked.

Whatley named a little town in Oklahoma about which I had heard, and, surprised, I said, "Are you, really?"

A drab, God-forsaken huddle of shacks in the center of the most poverty stricken county in the State, the jumping off place the sore thumb of creation, Cobra, Oklahoma, had been described to me as a reproach to a country that pretends to be civilized. I probably implied something of this in my three-word comment, for Whatley nodded as he shifted his eyes from me to Ross and back to me and said, "I know; and that's why I'm telling my friends there I'm coming home."

"Do you practice in Cobra?" Ross questioned.

"Yes. You don't know the place, of course?"

"Fifty-eight. Oh," he looked around at us as though to discover whether or not we were interested, or merely seeking to amuse ourselves by kidding him,

"I reckon you're wondering how come I got into the Army?"

"That was in my mind, yes," the young flyer said soberly, "but I know it's none of my business, and—"

Smiling then, Whatley interrupted, "I've wondered myself, since I came over, why they let me in! It's not much of a story, though. When we got into the war, I thought a lot about the rights and wrongs of it, talked it over with the folks, and decided the United States was justified. Then I wrote to Mr. Baker, telling him my age and what I'd been doing, and offering my services. I got a note from him, thanking me and saying my letter had been turned over to someone in the Medical Corps, a right friendly note. I went up for examination; they passed me; and I came across with the Division, and served with my battalion until I was detached and sent here a week ago."

"Baker answered himself, personally!" Ross exclaimed.

"Yes. I wrote to him."

Ross laughed, a loud ha! ha! then, "Excuse me, Doc, that's not funny; I apologize. What did you tell the Secretary of War?"

"I wrote him quite a long letter, tried to tell him the whole story." Whatley paused, to look slowly around the circle.

"Would you tell it to us?" Ross asked. "No kidding, Doc. I'd love to hear it—I'll tell you why afterwards."



"No, I'm from Providence, Rhode Island."

"Well," Whatley explained, somewhat defiantly it seemed, "they need me, and I want 'em to know I haven't forgotten them. I'm trying to tell 'em what they ought to do before I get back."

"Are you the mayor?" Ross grinned at him.

"No; just a country doctor."

"Have you been up to the front?"

"Yes; with the — battalion; this is the first chance I've had to write many letters."

"What are you telling your patients, Doc?"

Whatley laughed, an impulsive, genial burst, showing the gold crown on one of his strong incisors, and said, "They're not strictly patients, they're my friends and neighbors. I've been working out with them various ideas—terracing, in order to save the soil, for one thing. I was after 'em to do that when I left, and I want 'em to go ahead and—"

"Excuse me for getting personal, Doc," Ross moved his chair slightly nearer, "but would you mind telling me how old you are?"

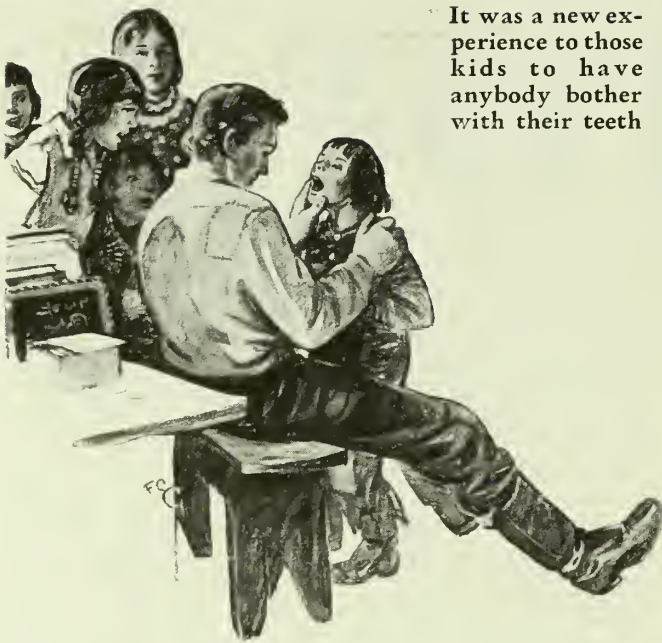
"Of course; I like to talk about myself," Whatley grinned.

"No kiddin'? Well—" the flyer looked around at us as though to warn. "If you birds don't want to listen, get out!" No one moved.

"It goes back a long way," the doctor began . . .

He was the oldest child, and the only boy, of a big family in Tennessee. His father, a farmer on poor, washed-out land, had a hard time scrabbling a living out of the soil. As soon as the boy could handle a hoe, he was put to work. He wanted to go to school, and his father said he might when he could be spared. Year after year, he said the same thing, "Ben, I'm figurin' on sendin' you next term," and year after year he would have to repeat, "Cain't spare you yet." Sisters arrived regularly, and they all had to eat!

In Whatley's dad was a trace of Indian blood; he had a "right" in one of the tribes living in Indian Territory—that is, a right to share equally with the rest of the Indians in their land—and when Ben was eighteen years of age, he decided to move out there. He sold the farm for four hundred dollars, loaded what



It was a new experience to those kids to have anybody bother with their teeth

two horses could pull, into his old wagon and, with the kids plodding alongside, drove west to join a relative who was farming near Cobra.

At first, the Whatleys rented a farm. Ben's father hired a man to work for him—paid him fifteen dollars a month—and Ben at last started to school. He started at the bottom, with the little kids, and he was bigger than the 170-pound teacher! But he was starving for book learning, and didn't care if his seat-mate was a boy of six who looked at him as though he were a circus freak.

He went ahead fast. When he was twenty, he passed the examination for a teacher's certificate, and got a school. Thirty-five dollars a month, and it was near enough so that he could walk to his job from home.

Ross broke into the slow narrative to ask, "How far away was your school, Doc?"

"A little better than six miles. I wore out shoe leather," he grinned, "but the walking was good for me, and I could turn in twenty-five dollars a month to dad."

The school house was a log building, and the pupils mostly from mixed-blood Indian families. The rest were white children whose parents were leasers; the whites were beginning to come into the Indian Territory. They were nearly all underfed, and ragged—a good deal like the Whatley children, except that Ben's sisters never actually went hungry. They were slow to learn, and that worried the teacher. Nobody talked then about malnutrition, or the underprivileged child!

"I tried to work it out myself," Doc said, "find out why they were slow. I'd get a boy up close, so's to talk to him, and his breath would nearly knock me over! The kids' teeth were terrible, their gums sore, their mouths dirty, their bodies filthy. Same way with the girls, except my sisters; our mother saw to it that they kept themselves clean.

"I just couldn't stand it! I told dad I'd have to learn enough about dentistry to do something about their teeth. And do you know," Whatley sat forward on his chair and tapped Ross' knee delightedly, "he had saved all the money I'd given him, and said, 'That's a right good notion, Ben.'"

So Whatley went off to a dental school at St. Louis, worked for his board and room, and stuck it until he could come back to Cobra and put out his sign. He didn't wait for patients, but bought an old buggy and a horse, paying for them on time, and drove out to argue and plead with those children's parents to let him work on their mouths.

It was hard at first; the old folks were as scared of his implements as were the youngsters. But, in Doc's words, "It got around that I was helping those I worked on, and after that I sure had my hands full!"

Some of the men paid him, and in five years he had money saved up. He wanted it then for another venture. He had become convinced that he must learn to doctor their bodies as well as their teeth. The people had been poor, shiftless, half starved, dirty, and careless in their personal habits so long that they had become degenerate. Literally, they were dying out! "The community's bad enough now!" As he said this, Doc looked at me.

"Yes," I said, "I've heard it's pretty bad."

"Well, it's a paradise compared to what it was!"

He shut up his dental office to go to a medical school. It was tough, a long, hard struggle with the lectures, the highly technical reading, the dissections that baffled his thick fingers—remember, he was past thirty years of age at the time. He did yard work and house chores to earn his keep; and before the course was finished he was in rags. "I believe," he confessed, "I'd have quit at Christmas of my last year if dad hadn't sent me a twenty-dollar bill, and a scrawl of a letter that said, 'It's all I kin spare, Ben, try an' make it do.' I stuck it out, and got my diploma."

He returned to Cobra as Doctor Ben Whatley, probably the palest, thinnest, and shabbiest M.D. in the United States. His father kept him at home for a time, to rest, eat a great deal, and build up his strength. Then he borrowed money to buy a new suit, and another horse and buggy.

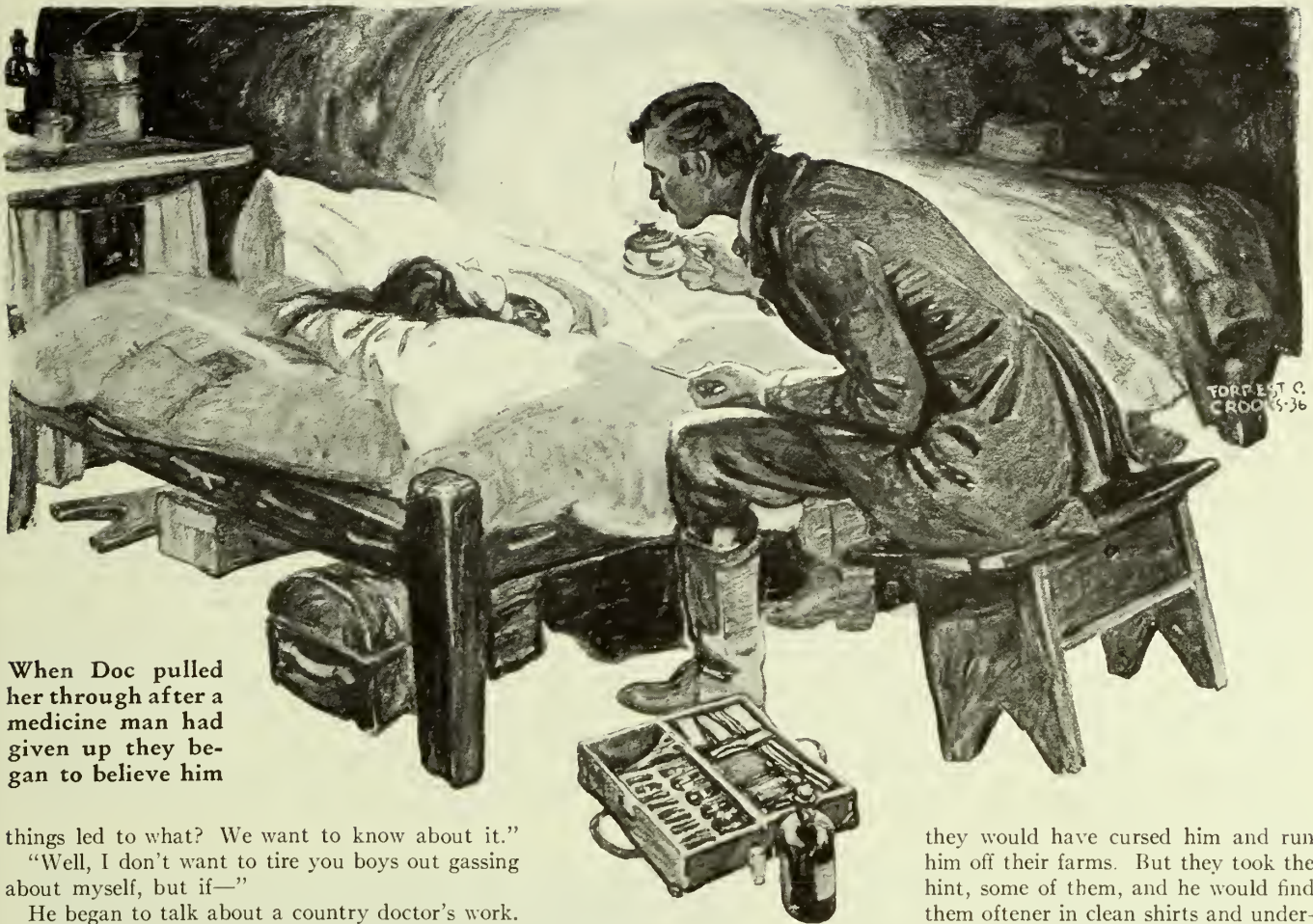
He was the only licensed doctor in Cobra, or for twenty-five miles around. He had competition, though, from "yarb doctors" and "conjur-cure" quacks. He fought them openly, told their victims the truth about them, and offered his services. It was tough going, not as easy as it had been to get at their teeth. The quacks fought back. He was threatened, then shot at from the roadside; his mare was killed; and his father became so anxious that he advised Ben to go back to the practice of dentistry. But he was spunky enough to stick to his guns; and after he had pulled a woman through when a "yarb doctor" quit, it wasn't so hard.

At this point in his story, Whatley stopped talking, and looked around at us, moving his eyes slowly from face to face; and then, as though to make an end, he said, "Well, that's how it was; you know, one thing led to another."

Ross expressed our disappointment, "Go on, Doc! What

They laughed at the idea of Doc's prize rooster and pedigreed stock





When Doc pulled her through after a medicine man had given up they began to believe him

things led to what? We want to know about it."

"Well, I don't want to tire you boys out gassing about myself, but if—"

He began to talk about a country doctor's work. He said, "It's mighty interesting to a doctor that *is* interested. You get close to people, and I like to do that. At the front, when a boy was brought back to me not too badly wounded to talk I'd find out while I was working on him where he was from, and about his family and his girl, and all like that. They wanted to talk about home, it did 'em good, and I was interested . . ."

But to get back to Cobra: It wasn't long before he needed two horses, to spell one another, and was on the go so much that, as he told us, "I got more sleep driving home from calls than I did in my bed." His sisters knitted thick woolen socks, mittens, and sweaters for him to wear in winter; and one of them, Carrie, came to keep house for him in Cobra. She was his partner!

"Excuse me for getting personal again, Doc," Ross broke in. "Are you married?"

"No. I've wanted to get married, thought about it many times, but decided I oughtn't to. The way I look at it, a wife ought to mean a lot to a man; he ought to give her a lot of attention, and a great deal of himself—and I just couldn't."

Of course, after a long time, a country doctor's practice becomes easier, more routine. Doc Whatley got to know absolutely every human being in his county, and most of his patients he could treat with his eyes shut!

He began to think about the way they were living. "Did you ever," he turned his eyes on me to ask, "try to make anybody wash his feet, and switch from a salt pork, molasses and corn bread diet to vegetables, milk, and fresh meat—I mean, outside the Army—and keep his friendship?"

"I shouldn't care to try," I admitted.

"Well, I had to! No two ways about it. I could have gone on doctoring in that neighborhood a thousand years, if I should last so long, and the general level of health would not rise unless the folks changed their way of living."

He made progress; he reached the point in time, when he was out on a call, where he would take the kids into the kitchen, make them strip, and help to wash them if necessary. He went about with the odor of carbolic soap clinging to his clothes. He said nothing about personal cleanliness to the older people; if he had,

they would have cursed him and run him off their farms. But they took the hint, some of them, and he would find them oftener in clean shirts and underwear, and not smelling like tramps.

He would smack his lips over milk and vegetables and stewed fruit and rabbit and squirrel meat wherever he was asked to sit down to a meal that included these items. It got around that Doc was a crank in his eating; and as he was always on the go, he would be apt to stop in anywhere almost any time.

They began to like him, liked to see him pull in; he could pass the neighborhood news around. He would talk a great deal about the families that were living better than before, and whose children were doing better in school. He couldn't make any direct attack on their ways, however. "You know," he told us, "it would make me mad if one of you spoke up right now and called me a darn fool!"

We laughed, and Ross blurted, "You're dead right, Doc, and I'd—." His look challenged us needlessly.

Whatley's fight, of course, was hard and long; it was ten years, or more, before he felt sure that his method would succeed; and all that time he had to watch his step, think before he said anything. "If any of you," he swept us slowly with a glance, "should come to Cobra, after we get home, and drive out to the country with me in my car, you might say I haven't done much to brag about. I'm not bragging, but when I say there has been a hundred percent improvement in health and sanitation in the last thirty years I'm not exaggerating.

"I'm a slow-minded man, one thing at a time. I tinkered at their teeth until I saw I had to do more; and while I was getting my medical practice established, I got a dentist to come to Cobra. I helped him to get started, helped him to collect bills for a while, then left the problem to him. When I saw I was making headway in matters of personal hygiene and diet, I got interested in another idea."

THE people were wretched farmers, even less progressive than Whatley's father. Their stock and poultry were degenerate, too; ten-dollar horses, scrub mules, three-pint cows, long-legged and slab-sided hogs, and scrawny chickens and turkeys. Doc knew that better stock would pay, but (Continued on page 51)

THEIR BIG

\$100 Prize THE GENERAL WEPT

ON SEPT. 27, 1918, in the Meuse-Argonne, the 364th Infantry, 91st Division, was engaged at Eclisfontaine in one of its fiercest battles of the drive, in which it encountered a very stubborn resistance. I was doing first aid duty on the front line and our casualties were heavy. Presently there was an insistent cry, "First Aid, First Aid," and I found a man with both legs badly shattered by high explosives. Bandages were applied and he awaited the stretcher bearers. On filling his diagnosis tag he told me he was Capt. Charles H. Abercrombie, 363d Infantry. He seemed to disregard his own serious wounds, was concerned that wounded men of his command be promptly taken care of. I later learned that he died.

I happened to be in Portland, Oregon, Jan. 18, 1920, and attended a public reception given at the civic auditorium to honor Gen. John J. Pershing. Before the 8500 people present, Mayor George Baker presented to the American Army Commander little six-year-old Jean Abercrombie, who came forward with an armful of roses for the general.

"Her father, sir, Capt. Charles H. Abercrombie, was killed on the second day in the Argonne," the mayor told the general.

Taking the roses, Pershing saw something in the winsome upturned face of the little miss that touched his heart cords. He sat down slowly, and then drew the girl to his breast, while the tears coursed down his cheeks and the audience thundered its cheers.—JOHN F. CONRAD, *Burlington, Washington.*

\$50 Prize HE MADE IT

DURING the World War I participated as one of four motorcycle dispatch riders of the Sixth Infantry Brigade Headquarters, Third Division. We had advanced our headquarters to Chartèves, across the Marne from Château-Thierry. Firing had ceased, practically, at early dawn. At about 2:15 P.M. I was summoned to the brigadier general's office and given a dispatch to deliver to Colonel McAlexander, commanding the 38th Infantry, in Jaulgonne, four miles up front. I rode my motorcycle up to within about 200 yards of the town, which was being heavily bombarded, and crawled on my hands and knees in the ditch along the road. At the edge of town, a sentry told me he didn't think I could reach regimental headquarters as the enemy had been laying down a merciless barrage all day. I ignored his statement, reached the center of the town and located headquarters in the cellar of a house. Upon presenting the dispatch to Colonel McAlexander, he said, "How in hell did you get in here?"

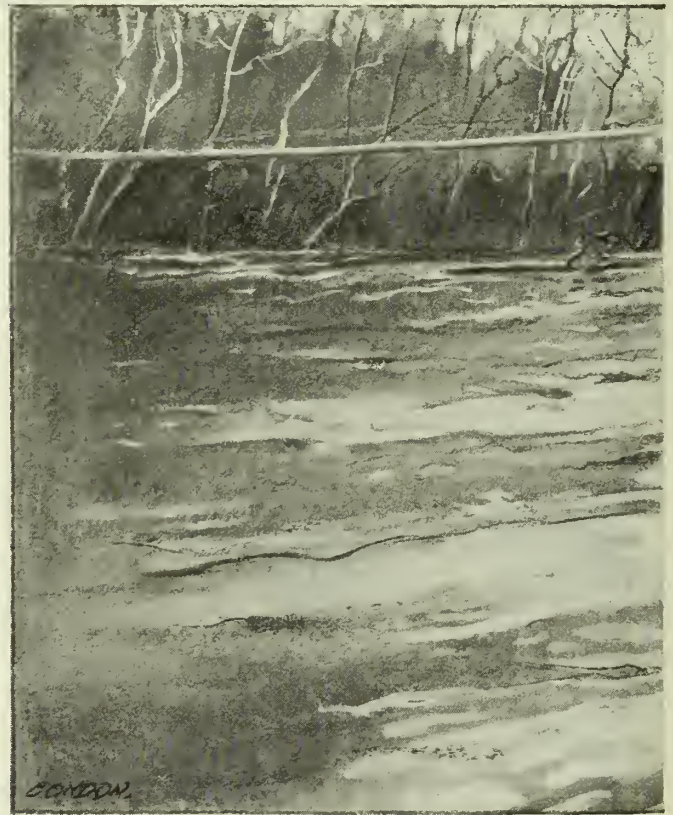
He then said he had been trying since early morning to get a runner to our headquarters, and handed me a message with instructions to rush it through. I started back by the same tortuous route and upon reaching my motorcycle turned it around and started back with it wide open. Shells bursting on all sides of me, I could see very little chance of escape, but I arrived at brigade headquarters and presented this message to Brigadier General Crawford: "Our artillery fire falling short; 250 of our men already casualties. Raise range at once."—WILLIAM D. ROSSITER, *Veterans Facility, Batavia, New York.*

HEREWITH the fifth series of stories in which the narrator participated either as principal or as observer. They have been ap-

\$50 Prize LOYALTY

WHILE serving as detachment commander at General Hospital 14, Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia, in the late spring of 1918, I had the misfortune to have \$435 stolen from my desk. I had inadvertently left the money drawer unlocked from 3 P.M. until 9 A.M. next day. There was no clue, as the office in the administration building was open all night. The money was in envelopes of the paymaster and belonged to men of my detachment who were temporarily absent. Although I could ill afford to lose this much money, I felt that it should be my loss, and the men were reimbursed.

A few days after the robbery the hospital staff officers made up a purse to cover a part of the loss, which I donated to the Red Cross. The following morning the first sergeant of my detach-



ment reported that my men had voted unanimously to pay fifty cents each to reimburse me in full. The action of the staff officers made me feel mighty good, but I shall never have a *bigger moment* than when I found the 850 men of my detachment offering to share with me in my loss. While I could not accept their generous offer, knowledge of their loyalty more than repaid me.

It would give me pleasure to hear from any of them.—DR. NEWTON G. WILSON, *Madison, North Carolina.*

MOMENTS

pearing in the Monthly regularly since last November. The sixth and final instalment will be carried in the April issue of the Monthly

\$25 Prize

THREE LIVES AT STAKE

MY FATHER'S farm was bounded on one side by New River, across which was operated a ferry owned by my father. I was sixteen years of age. With my two younger sisters I went to Sunday School about a mile from home across this same ferry. A farm hand ferried us over in the large boat. He told us to call when we returned and he would come for us. It was March and when we returned to the river a terrific wind was blowing. We called and waited but got no response. We were getting uncomfortably cold and very hungry. Suddenly I spied the canoe.

I placed the two small children in the back of it, untied it and started hand over hand on the cable. The canoe shot out on the water like an arrow. I had presence of mind enough to let go the rope or I should have been left dangling and the children set

I only remembered when I caught the cable each time to hand over hand and try to keep the canoe above it. I hardly know how I reached the home bank. The children had been quiet as mice.—MRS. JENNIE W. DAVIS, *Emory, Va.*

\$25 Prize

THE OLD GANG, THE OLD FLAG

I LEFT my home to join the Canadian Army in 1915. After a short training in Canada we went overseas, a longer training period in England, thence to France and Belgium—at last the western front!

Rain and mud, mud and rain, day in and day out, tea, corned beef and jam; jam, corned beef and tea. Messines, St. Eloi, Kemmel, Armientières and the whole Ypres salient.

I felt homesick at times. But in the summer of 1918, one day I was sitting in my supply truck in the town of Wormoudt, Belgium, and lazily dreaming in the warm sunshine. My thoughts drifted back to home. Would I ever see my people again, my mother and family and the "old gang" on the corner?



An irresistible current was pulling the canoe downstream

adrift. Fortunately, the boat was headed upstream and as it drifted down I again grasped the cable. I found an irresistible current drawing the boat down and once more I gave up for lost; but a terrific blast of wind sent it whirling up the river above the cable and threatened to overturn our craft.

Would this war ever stop? Nothing but strange faces all the time. I was very blue and felt deep in the dumps. Tramping feet, tramping feet. I looked up casually and right in front of my eyes the "old gang" from home!

Sure enough, Co. B, 105th Infantry, 27th Division, was marching past! We are, most of us, now members of the same post. I have been a Vice-Commander and president of our drum corps.—WILLIAM J. FREMONT, *Cohoes, New York.*

\$25 Prize
AND STILL LIVING

I WAS last in the single file cavalcade winding down the breath-taking trail along the wall of the Grand Canyon. The mule on which I rode paused intermittently to project its head over the precipice and stare down into the yawning gorge.

Once his body suspended dangerously over the cliff. Already giddy, sudden fear struck at my heart. Disregarding the guide's previous instructions, I slipped off his back and hugged the canyon wall. My heart was in my mouth.

The mule stared bewilderedly at my action. He then wedged his nose between me and the wall, evidently to inform me to return to his back, when suddenly I found myself forced from the wall and clinging to his neck. My feet dangled over the cliff. He jerked his head and I lost hold, falling almost twenty feet to a jutting crag. I clung to it for several minutes, my hands lacerated and bleeding, and again lost my grip and fell another fifteen feet to about a 65-degree incline on which I tried to grasp at some sparse brush. The plants pulled loose and I rolled over and over, finally landing at the edge of the winding trail which doubled back nearly 200 feet below. Had I gone another foot I would have dropped over its brink and into oblivion.

The first of the cavalcade came upon me shortly afterwards. Several bones were broken and I was covered with blood, but happy to be still living.—DAVID HOLLAND, *Veterans Facility, Tucson, Arizona.*

\$25 Prize
CHER AMI, HERO

IT WAS during the afternoon of the fourth of October, 1918, on a little brush-covered hillside in the Argonne Forest.

The First Battalion of the 308th Infantry, later known as the Lost Battalion, under the command of Major Charles W. Whittlesey, was caught in their own barrage, surrounded by Germans, had no food and ammunition and had been called upon to withstand a bayonet attack by a force that outnumbered them approximately five to one. Their wounded were in terrible condition and there seemed to be small chance of anyone coming to their relief as their position was apparently unknown to headquarters.

Major Whittlesey wrote an appeal for help and watched it as it was tied on to the leg of the last of the carrier pigeons. This bird, known as Cher Ami, was released as its four brothers had been. It soared into the air, circled to get its bearings and like its brothers was shot down by the expert German riflemen. It fell, too far away from our position for us to reach it although close enough for us to see. One man was heard to remark, "My God, our last hope is gone!" when suddenly Cher Ami again rose in the air and in spite of his wounded condition made a direct flight across the valley and over the hill toward the American Headquarters.

When our food was all gone, many of our buddies slowly bleeding to death, and no water to be had to even moisten the fevered lips of the wounded, is it any wonder that I got the greatest thrill of the war when Cher Ami made good in his second attempt to return to headquarters with our plea for help?—ARTHUR R. LOOKER, *Wayland, Michigan.*

\$10 Prize
THE COMMAND WAS FORWARD

I WAS just eighteen in 1917 when the call came for volunteers to go across the "Big Pond" so I enlisted in the 126th Infantry of the 32d Division.

I had a brother in this Division who had previously been in service so we kept together even after we were in France.

On Oct. 9, 1918, when we were on the Meuse-Argonne front, an order came to attack and we moved forward.

My brother was in the line ahead of me and when I went over, there he lay in a shell hole, his entire face covered with blood.

Our orders had been never to stop to help the wounded and it was hard to step over him and go on letting him lie there not

knowing whether he died, whether help came or what. I did know that he was still alive then because he feebly motioned for me to go on. Every time I got a chance after that I inquired of everyone returning to the Army if they had heard anything of him but no one knew anything about him.

My big moment came some months later after the war was all over and we had been moved up into Germany as the Army of Occupation.

One day while eating dinner a comrade brought a newspaper, *The Stars and Stripes*, containing an advertisement asking my whereabouts, stating that my brother was alive and in a base hospital in France.—GLEN C. ALBER, *Big Rapids, Michigan.*

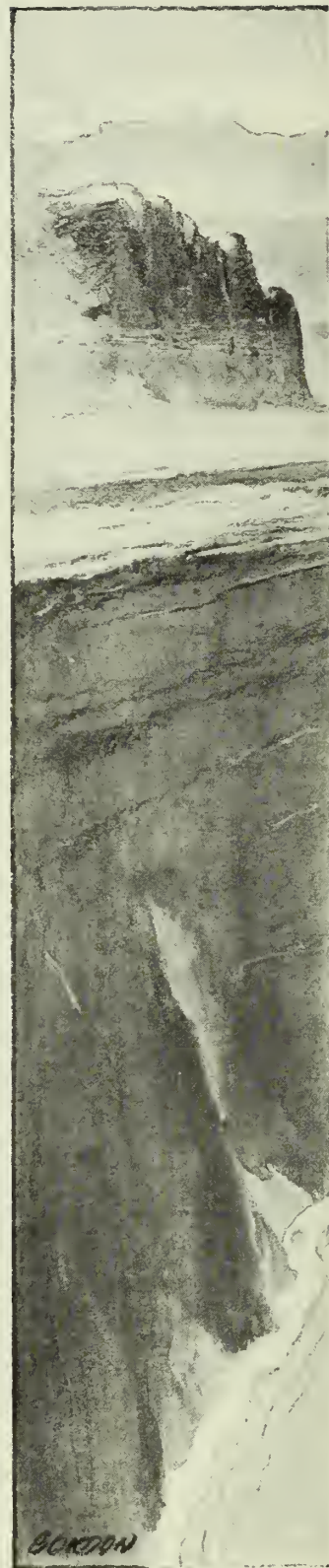
\$10 Prize
A LUCKY LOOK

ABOUT one week before Christmas, 1918, my outfit landed in Coblenz, Germany. We were billeted in old Fort Bernstine overlooking the city. Below us was the Rhine railroad; across the river was historic Ehrenbreitstein.

The rugged stone buildings of our picturesque old fort had been used both as classrooms for infantrymen and as barracks. Numerous maps, detailed drawings of machine guns; also hand grenades, rifles, and various other supplies were stored there.

The buildings were cold. Stoves and briquettes of coke nearly as big as a man's fist were found and pressed into service. The first night no lights were available. It came my time to go to one of the innumerable basement rooms for fuel. Having been away on special duty until dark, I was given instructions as to where I might find the coke.

Feeling my way along the wall down the steps in pitch darkness, I entered what I thought was the third door on my left and raked around with my hobnails until I found what appeared to be coal, kicked in all I could, then stooped down with hands incased in heavy leather mittens and filled the small scuttle. When I got back to the squad room I opened the hot stove door with the coal hod aimed at the opening, and looked down. Cold chills went up my spine and clammy perspiration broke out all over me. The coal hod was nearly full—not of coke, but of hand grenades.—J. C. BARNETT, *Weatherford, Oklahoma.*





"I lost hold, falling almost twenty feet to a jutting crag"

\$10 Prize

"KEEP THE OLD CHIN UP"

SHORTLY after discharge from service in France in 1919, my old doctor said on the completion of his exams, "Too bad, buddy, but it's active T. B. Well advanced." "What is my chance, Doc?" I asked. "Slim," he said, "but keep the old chin up."

For ten years I did, and what a fight! But it was music in my ears in 1929 when the Veterans Bureau doctors told me I had

won the fight. Then after two years of hard work in 1931 that music died away when they told me I was again active.

"Not so easy the second time," said the doctors.

On Dec. 10, 1935, I landed here for routine exams and as I lay on my bunk a few minutes ago reading of Big Moments to others, my big moment came to me as my doctor approached my bed smiling and said, "Good work, my boy, for the second time you have beat the rap. What is your formula?"

"Keep the old chin up, Doc," I said as I breathed a silent prayer to my Maker.—TELLER C. BROSHEARS, *Veterans Facility, Roseburg, Oregon.*

\$10 Prize

PROUD OF THE LEGION

AFTER discharge from the American Army, I married in Chicago, a young woman from Korea, my native country. She had come here as a student under the immigration law. Soon after, a girl was born; we moved out to San Francisco. A year later another child was coming, and my wife was compelled to leave her school. The authorities in Washington wanted to know the reason why.

I explained the whole situation, begging them to excuse her for a while as the wife of a veteran. But insisting that she had violated the law, the authorities had ordered her deportation and she was scheduled to leave, of all days, on Armistice Day of 1932. She was given only three days' time to get ready.

Was I worried to death! To think of my wife with a baby boy of six weeks and a girl two years old to be taken away from me was something really unbearable. Believe it or not, my black hair actually turned gray over night!

I was a member of Cathay Post, and my only hope was in the Legion, which pledged "to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness." And I had sent out my urgent appeals to prominent Legionnaires and Auxiliaries. In the meantime, through the kind efforts of Department Adjutant Jim Fisk a stay of sixty days was obtained.

At last the glad tidings came to me that my wife was permitted to stay!

Was I happy! And is it any wonder that I am proud of the Legion and proud to be a Legionnaire?—E. EMSEN CHARR, *San Francisco, California.*

\$10 Prize

AT THE STEEPLE TOP

PRIOR to my World War Navy service I followed stack and steeplejack work. In May, 1913, my partner and I had a contract to paint and gild the steeple on the First Presbyterian Church, Lebanon, Ohio.

The height of this steeple was one hundred and ten feet from the roof of the church, there being no means of ascending to the top except by using poles to force a loop and slip knot of which one end, at the bottom, was stayed fast to the base of the spire.

In order to get my tackle and bo's'n chair to the top of the spire I had to overhand rope to the pinnacle. Most of the afternoon being taken up, I decided to wait until the morning to start painting.

During the night it rained, and early the next morning the sun came out very hot.

My partner helped hoist me to the top of the steeple, and I was ready to start gilding the pinnacle, which I had to stand up in the chair to do.

He remained on the ground to hoist up the material.

I had just sat down in the chair, and lowered myself down about eight feet from the top, when all at once I dropped about five feet down the side. I cried out to him on the ground that the lower end of the rope must have come untied. It seemed an eternity before he reached the place and called up to me that the rope was safely tied. The reason for my falling the five feet down the side of the spire was my weight and the sun causing the slack to come out. I had forgotten that peculiarity of wet manila rope.—RALPH W. CLYBORN, *Greenfield, Ohio.* (Continued on page 56)

TOE hold *By* Charles Rentrop *and* AIRPLANE SPIN

"L AY-DEEZ and gent'mun! In this corner, weighing two hunnert pounds, from Memphis, we have Whitey Hewitt!"

It's the announcer starting another wrestling match, and we old wrestlers never hear it without a thrill. Another wrestling contest, in which all the strength, speed, skill and cunning of an ancient sport can be displayed—if the wrestlers really know anything about it—is ready to begin.

I've been in the game, as wrestler, referee and promoter, for thirty-six years. I've seen wrestling come up from the barnstorming status it occupied so long to its present secure and recognized standing. Wrestling today plays to more people than all other sports combined, except baseball. Does that statement sound dizzy? Well, that's official, from the fellows who compile the statistics. The sport had a long, hard pull up to popular favor, but it packs 'em in now.

It was not always so. Oh no! Gather round, you fans of the mat, and I'll tell you of former days. When I came to this land of athletic opportunity in 1910 the sport had little or no organization. A few top-notch wrestlers made good money, but the majority made matches when and where they thought enough cash could be pulled in from admissions or bets to make it worth the effort. Promoters were for the most part elusive gentry who had to be beaten or wrestled into giving an athlete his share of the income. Arenas were make-shift places where a mat could be spread and customers seated.

All of which has changed for the better. And honestly—don't the fans get a good show for their money?

WITH the modesty becoming an old wrestling champ, I don't mean to brag. But in the interest of historical accuracy, let me record that I became middleweight champion in my native country, Germany, in 1904. I went to the Olympics at Athens in 1906 and won the world's amateur middleweight title.

German lads were encouraged to wrestle when I was coming up. They eagerly joined the gymnasium clubs for wrestling instruction, and matches and tournaments were a part of their regular routine. Allied troops in the World War opposed many a young athlete with splendid physique built up by years of wrestling—before the food shortage in Germany got in its devastating work.

I turned professional and won the European middleweight championship, at a tournament in London against sixty-seven of Europe's crack wrestlers. Lord Lonsdale presented me with the belt. I went back to Athens to study the Greek method of



Frank Gotch and George Hackenschmidt, the greatest wrestlers in the world a quarter century ago. Gotch's famous toe hold was too much for his rival the two times they met

wrestling. Then to London, India, the Orient and Australia, mastering the tricks of the ancient and manly art in each of these precincts. Checking up a little, I find I have wrestled in every country of the world except Alaska.

When I came to America, Gotch and Hackenschmidt were the big names of the arena. I had wrestled Hackenschmidt in the



Twenty-eight paid admissions and a side-bet of \$10,000—the match at Foraker, Oklahoma, between Charley Rentrop and Bob Williams, a local boy who had his shoulders pinned in seven minutes, four seconds. Below, Jim Londos demonstrates the Japanese leg-breaker hold with which he won the world's championship from Dick Shikat at Philadelphia in 1930

Music Hall in London, when he was on a sort of exhibition tour. Hack outweighed me sixty pounds, but I was supposed to stay with him fifteen minutes. He pinned my shoulders in nine.

I am frequently asked my opinion as to who was the greatest



wrestler of modern times. Unhesitatingly I name Hackenschmidt. He was an all-round athlete—fast, rugged, with the stamina of an engine. He knew wrestling as few have ever mastered it.

When Frank Gotch defeated Jennings with his famous toe hold he was generally recognized as heavyweight champion, at least in America. Gotch's toe hold was deadly, and he could ruin the best of them with it. I should add that the Old Master knew all the styles of wrestling and could pull any number of tricks out of the bag when hard pressed.

Gotch discovered great possibilities in a young surgeon from Seattle—Dr. B. F. Roller. The Doc was a Jim Corbett sort of athlete and a thoroughbred sportsman. Under Gotch's urging he went to Europe to have a try at Champion Hackenschmidt. Hack threw him without difficulty but had to admit he had the stuff.

Then Hack came to the United States and the big battle of 1907 took place—Gotch vs. Hackenschmidt, in the Chicago Coliseum. Gotch was given the decision after two hours of sensational wrestling.

A long match? Well, the type of work a wrestler had to do in the old days was plenty hard. I might cite a couple of my early matches. While in Australia I took on Emil Klute, the undefeated heavyweight champion of that dominion. He was bad medicine, and no mistaking that. He outweighed me fifty-five pounds, and because he was undefeated I was anxious to pin him to the mat. We wrestled for five hours and twenty-one minutes and I can assure you we weren't loafing. Some meddling officers of the Humane Society stepped in then and stopped the match.

Shortly after reaching this country, while I was batting around trying to find opponents, a backer conceived the bright idea of matching me with Pat Brown of Houston, Texas, middleweight champion of America, for a \$5,000 side-bet. I found Pat plenty tough. The match lasted two hours and forty-five minutes, and he threw me.

That defeat worried me. I was restless for another chance at Brown. The return was arranged for Temple, Texas, and there we had it for three hours and fourteen minutes, with \$5,000 again the side-bet stake. Pat took all I had. I finally got a leg hold on him and unfortunately splintered a bone. Pat never wrestled again.

The big match of 1910, a revival of the Gotch-Hackenschmidt classic of three years before, was arranged for Labor Day at the White Sox ball park. I was proud to (Continued on page 48)



Every better grabbed his entry and rushed out

CAMP

By
Jerry Owen

lar capitalized affliction permitted, and pin this bit of color to the coat.

"Help a disabled veteran?" would be the plea, accompanied by a pitiful air of helplessness. The price? It depended on the obvious gullibility of the sucker. Sometimes—"Anything you care to give, lady." But what a dirty look accompanied the acceptance of anything less than a quarter.

Service committees at national conventions of The American Legion are prepared to deal with this gentry and the various other racketeers who gravitate toward these great gatherings. But their work is not made easier by the fact that altogether too

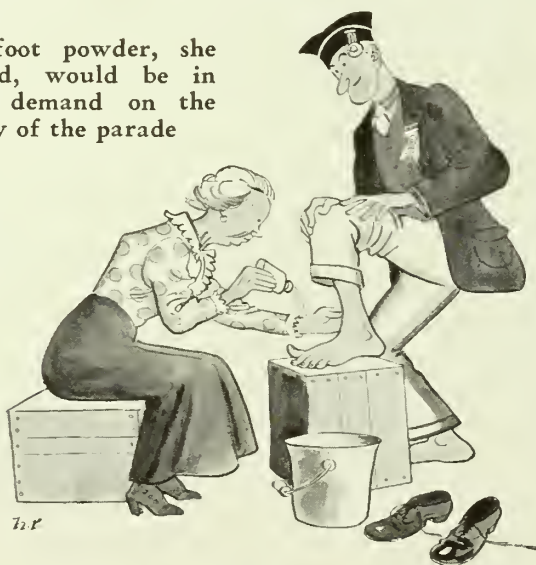
THE sweet-faced little old lady looked up at her tall son with a bird-like tilt of her head and smiled brightly. He was pointing at a tiny rosette of red, white and blue ribbon which had been pinned on the lapel of her rather shabby black coat.

"Oh, that? I felt so sorry for the poor fellow. He had his arm in a sling and an old dirty uniform on—like that one of yours in that trunk in the attic. 'Course fifty cents was kinda high-priced for jes' a little ribbon but I was ashamed to ask him to take it off after he had pinned it on me. An' he said the money went to help your convention and other disabled men—'buddies,' he called 'em—like himself."

"That's all I wanted to know," nodded the son, with a grim smile. A few hours later an even dozen of the petty grafters known to the initiate as "pin-on" men were behind the bars in this particular national convention city. By morning they were joined by 36 more of their ilk. They were professionals, the type of hawker that follows every convention of service men, state or national, D. A. V., V. F. W. or American Legion.

Their props were wheelchairs, crutches, slings, braces and cigarboxes full of rosettes and butterfly flags—you know the kind, looking something like a miniature bow tie of red, white and blue. Women, elderly in particular, were their meat, and men who obviously were not service men. Up they would go to their victim, propelled by whatever means of locomotion their particu-

The foot powder, she figured, would be in great demand on the day of the parade



The stickers read "Made in Japan"

many of these men actually are veterans, armed with membership credentials in every ex-service organization to which they are eligible, such credentials usually being more bona fide than their purported disabilities.

Picked up for peddling without a license and thrown in the hoosegow, these comrades holler long and loudly for their state commander. He never knows them personally but they are boys from his home State with membership cards in posts with which he is familiar, so he usually goes to bat for them. Bail furnished, back they go to work until another round-up.

Frequently such birds are accompanied by good-looking femmes who do the "pinning" while their male friends hobble up on crutches and "put the bee" on. Who could brave the scorn of a fair lady and unfortunate disabled veteran combined?

The halcyon days of the convention grafter are gone. Better organization, an acquaintance with the wiles of the chiseler by forewarned convention committees are responsible. Passing out this information is one of the many ways in which our national convention liaison officer, Vic MacKenzie, earns his daily bread and occasional cake.

The great trouble with many convention entrepreneurs is that they do not appreciate the psychology of an American Legion gathering. They appear to think that a lot of young fellows are

FOLLOWERS

getting away from their mothers' apron strings for the first time and will be attracted by the street carnival type of entertainment. They don't realize that the boys of '17 have outgrown diapers—though not all have been weaned from the bottle—and that they need no outside help to enjoy themselves at a national convention. Outside the serious business of these great convocations of veterans there is plenty of time for amusement, but Legionnaires do not look for that amusement in theaters or at carnival attractions. These may attract local yokels and high school punks who are out for a wild time, who have left all inhibitions behind and are making it their business to "help the Legion celebrate." But for the Legionnaire, the camaraderie of his buddies, the reunion with old friends, the nonsensical diversions that occur to a mature man who is temporarily relieved from all demands on his dignity, are quite sufficient.

I seem to recall that the Saint Louis newspapers heralded a special convention engagement of Sophie Tucker, "last of the red hot mommas," at a night club reopened for the occasion. This was supposed to make a great appeal to visiting Legionnaires. The home town folk did not turn out for Sophie, the Legionnaires had other diversions to occupy their attention and she might have had to hitch-hike back to New York had she not thoughtfully provided herself with a round-trip ticket—according to the local press.

Movies and legitimate theaters report their poorest business during Legion conventions. Their only percentage of the crowds overflowing the streets is that portion which can no longer "take it" and slump gratefully into upholstered seats to rest.

One would have thought that the crucial series between the Cardinals and Cubs, with a league pennant and crack at the world championship at stake, would have jam-packed the Saint Louis grandstands. Yet those baseball bugs among us who ditched convention sessions and a part of the big parade had no difficulty obtaining seats, and noted vast vacant areas in the towering tiers.

There are all sorts of precedents as warnings to convention concessionaires who try to figure out mathematically how many gadgets or whatnot a Legion convention crowd of a given size will absorb. There is, for example, the historic case of the two gentlemen who eagerly sought (and got) the right to sell confetti to the tremendous crowds which came to the Boston National Convention to greet President Herbert Hoover and Calvin Coolidge and other celebrities. They paid \$500 for the confetti rights. Apparently, they figured that New England would grow enthusiastic in the fashion of downtown New York welcoming Lindbergh back home after his trans-Atlantic flight. They must have visualized Washington Street knee-deep in confetti after the tumult and shouting had died. But the parade avoided Washington and other narrow streets. The promoters



Women fall for the tear-jerking antics of the "pin-on" gentry

sold \$50 worth of confetti. The convention committee gave them back their money. They proved one thing—the Legion doesn't go in for confetti.

Conventions of The American Legion attract many strange persons who hope to gather in a portion of the millions of dollars reputedly left behind by the veteran hordes. Many have been the unusual schemes which flourished in the good old days. If you will permit an old codger his reminiscences, I'll recall a few.

Did you ever hear of the great turtle race? Portland was the scene of this particular bust. Such a novelty had wowed them in Los Angeles during the Olympiad and some of the gambling aces in the Rose City decided to back a similar feature during the big convention and rake in some nice, clean, but easy money. Accordingly a race syndicate was organized in record time, negotiations for a Turtle Cave concession were opened with the convention commission and 1400 turtles were ordered shipped from Los Angeles by air express.

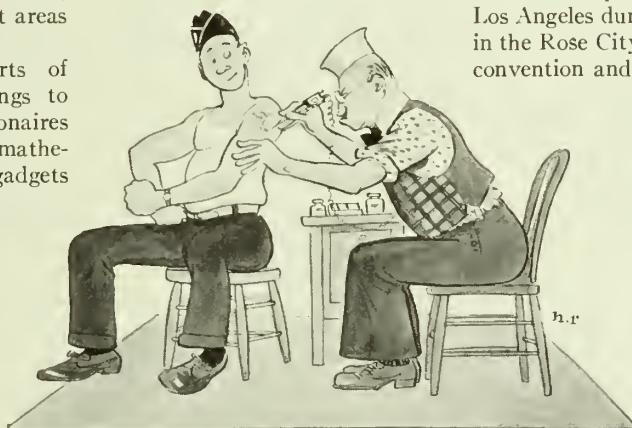
Turtles sold outright for \$1.50. An entry fee of \$1 was charged for each race. Winner take all, less house percentages. In theory there was money in the racket. Turtles had been sold over and over again in Los Angeles. But they reckoned without ex-service men, who crave action in their sports.

The idea was to line up the turtles at the edge of a large, felt-covered circular table and head them toward a small water tank situated in the exact center. Then start the betting. Came opening day. Quite a crowd of veterans had been lured inside by the ballyhoo. Turtles

were purchased and the "race" started. Irritation of one spectator reached its zenith when the turtle he was urging to bursts of speed went into reverse, then squatted in his tracks, drawing his head into his shell with every apparent intention of grabbing off a few winks. The purchaser seized the offending mammal—am I correct, professor?—by the tail and started away from there.

"Hey! Come back wid dat dere toitle. De race ain't finished yet!" Horrified protest followed the absconder.

"B'loney. Ain't I paid fer this lizard? I (Continued on page 38)



He wanted to be official tattooer of the convention

*Cartoons by
Herb Roth*

THE DOG WATCH

Introducing Hoosegow Herman, the No Good Recruit

By Wallgren

Go way, Smoose!! Go back!! You can't be with Papa when he's walkin' Post!! Dogs aint allowed!!

Go back to th' Barrix, Smoose - Gwan now - Beat it!!

Git along now - Shove off!! I aint foolin'!! Do ya wanta git me put in th' Hoosegow!!?



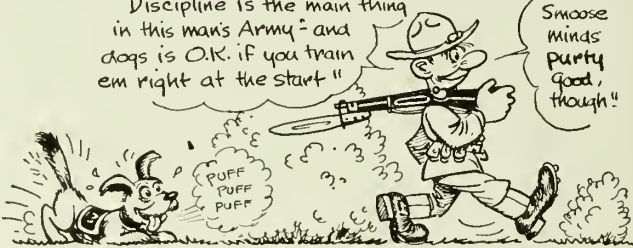
-and stay away too!!

I hates to be rough with th' pore lil' tike -

but - he's gotta learn this army stuff same as me!!

"Discipline is the main thing in this man's Army - and dogs is O.K. if you train em right at the start"

Smoose minds purty good, though!!



- Wot!! You back again!!? Can't you compree plain United States!!?

Get going!! Scram!!

Allez!!! tutt swift!! Vamoose!!



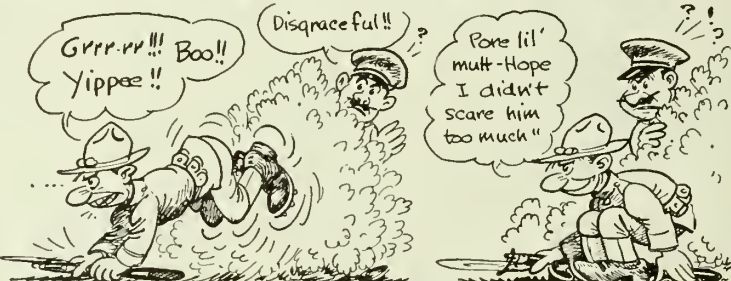
Go on!! Keep going!! Don't stop!!

(Such actions on Post!!? Must be nuts!!?)

Grrr-rr!!! Boo!! Yippee!!

Disgraceful!!

Pore lil' mutt - Hope I didn't scare him too much!!

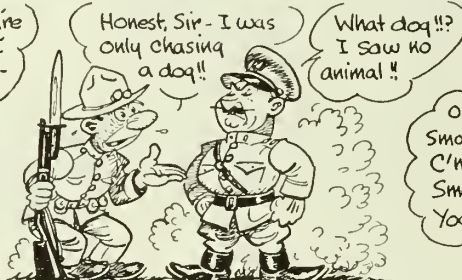


Not a word, Sentry!! You're plastered!! I saw every-thing!!

Honest, Sir - I was only chasing a dog!!

What dog!!? I saw no animal!!

Wait - I'll call him, Sir!! You'll see!!



Come Smoose!! Here Smoose, de boy!! Nice doggie!! Here Smoose!! etc., etc., etc.,

Just brazen bluff, that's all!!

A likely story, but -

You traitor!! Why didn't you come back when I called you!!?



A TOUR *of the* LATE BATTLEFIELD

THE Battle of the Bonus is won. It has been half a generation in the waging. It has been marked by minor skirmishes, temporary checks, dashing advances, by as much sniping, digging in, inching along as any first-class military campaign that was ever brought ultimately to a victorious conclusion. As in the case of all modern wars (and most ancient), it was paralleled by a running fight of propaganda that often outdid the actual front-line ruckus in noise and bluster.

Now that the smoke has settled, The American Legion can disclose an important military secret. The bitterest, the loudest denunciations wrung from the opponents of the bonus were the most important of all contributions to the enactment of the measure. The Legion's enemies were the Legion's best friends.

Why? Well, for one thing, they overdid it. The average American, whether below or above war age, knows that the American ex-service man is not the grasping thug that the opposition chose to represent him in editorial comment, in cartoon, and, be it said with shame, in too many "news" stories by "special correspondents." This same average American got a little tired of seeing a decent next-door neighbor pictured as a hungry gorilla that had somehow got out of its cage.

And for another thing, the opposition attributed to the organized American veteran far more power than the American veteran has ever asserted for himself. No one, it has been remarked, should mind what a competitor says of him so long as the competitor talks. This theory may partake too much of the quality of hard-boiledness to suit most of us in our commercial or any other relations, but there is more than a grain of truth in it. There was certainly a whole carload of truth in it so far as the bonus was concerned. The opposition frothed at the mouth, slandered, vilified, tore its hair, but in the very act and by the very fact of raising these ructions it presented the Legion and the bonus issue with a volume of advertising that the Legion could not have bought in the open market. They constructed an ogre, a Jupiter equipped with two handfuls of thunderbolts, and they wound up by convincing themselves that the ogre actually existed. It worked.

Good generals don't get aboard fence-rails and crow about their victories. They consolidate their gains. The final adjustment of ad-

justed compensation is, in the opinion of this magazine, an eminently satisfactory solution of the problem. The veteran can have the face value of his certificate as soon as the essential paper-work can be completed, or he can retain his compensation in the form of the most readily cashable security in the world, accumulating three percent interest on it annually up to 1945, or converting it into cash, in whole or in part, at any time before that date, and with the principal guaranteed at one-hundred cents on the dollar. There is much loose capital in this country whose owners would be delighted to have their funds, even to the tune of many millions, invested in a security as safe and paying such a liberal dividend. But they can't come in. Membership in the Adjusted Compensation Bond Club is as exclusive as membership in The American Legion—and for the same reason.

THE wisdom of the veteran's retaining his adjusted compensation in bond form if his personal situation will permit him to do so is obvious. It is hardly necessary to point out that by holding on to his bonds he will be able to free other funds at his disposal for immediate needs and even for luxuries. Previously deposited savings drawing less than three percent will be available, if he has them. He can be freer with his weekly earnings than he has been in the past, thanks to having this bonus anchor to windward.

This magazine does not check along with those who foresee with the distribution of the bonus a wild and insane orgy of spending. It is amusing to note that certain newspapers which were shrillest in their invective against the "treasury raiders" have recently turned highly paternalistic; they are patting the "boys" on the back and urging them nicely (and in words of one syllable) not to spend their money all in one place.

When is this section of the press going to learn that it is now nearly eighteen years since November 11, 1918, that the average American World War veteran is some forty-two years old, that he is a responsible and reputable citizen, that he may have some slight conception of how best to conduct his own affairs, and that he is just as mindful of the welfare of his country and of his fellow-men as are his detractors—perhaps, considering his background of service, even a little more so?

Sheriff COLT

Edited by MARQUIS JAMES
from the Diary of the Late
HENRY W. DALY



Illustrations
by
Herbert M. Stoops

LIKE many other people the demi-monde of the Old West lived a roving life. It went where the money was, moving out from such fixed bases as San Antonio, Kansas City, Omaha and San Francisco to follow the railroad and mining camps, to meet cattle drives at the rail heads and to make the rounds of army posts, sending military expeditions on their way with a touch of high life and welcoming them back when the troops would have three or four months' pay coming.

At Fort Bowie in the summer of 1885 General Crook was fitting out an expedition to go after Geronimo. Bowie was a more-or-less typical frontier station, consisting of a square of squat, sun-blistered buildings nestling in a pass of the Chiricahua Range in southeastern Arizona a few miles south of the lately-built Southern Pacific railroad line.

In ordinary times De Long's store, which contained a bar and some card tables, sufficed for purposes of recreation. Now a regular little mushroom town had sprung up where the contractors, horse and mule dealers, whisky merchants and dance hall girls pitched their tents as close to the post as the authorities would allow. Scouts, guides, teamsters and packers, all of them veterans of previous campaigns and expeditions, drifted in to seek employment. Old friends met and swapped experiences and no one who could arrange to sleep in the daytime went to bed before dawn.

A more permanent feature of Fort Bowie was the cemetery. Most of the grave markers were of wood. The biographical data on them, though differing somewhat from that in settled communities, usually was as complete as we could make it. For instance:

TONY
Mexican Teamster
Killed by Apaches
June, 1884

In Texas I assisted at the obsequies of a cowboy whose epitaph was:

CUT-NOSE PETE
Died With His Boots On

Of all the soldiers, prospectors, ranchmen and stage coach passengers buried in the Bowie graveyard I venture to say that not one in three died in a bed. The Apaches were responsible for the largest contribution but they did not do it all. The camp followers never struck their tents without leaving a few people in Bowie for good.

This time the crowd had not been there long before mules began to disappear from the corral. Rustlers were often a part of such gatherings. As a matter of fact I had recognized one



We planned to crawl
up on the store and
cover the front
door with our rifles

horse thief about the post and, in view of our past relations, was a little surprised that he stayed around after knowing that I was there.

This fellow was known as Curly Bill. Our last meeting had taken place near old Fort Cummings, New Mexico. Stock had been missing and I was sent out to bring it in. To bring it in,

and Judge LYNCH

meaning the stock. We didn't usually bring in horse thieves. We left them where we found them. Such was the part that horses and mules played in the scheme of frontier existence that the theft of either was punishable by death under the regularly enacted laws of all western States and communities. It was not always convenient to trouble the constituted authorities with the execution of these laws, especially when such authorities might be two hundred miles away. But Sheriff Colt and Judge Lynch were always handy and they could put the fear of God into horse thieves better than anybody else.

Some years before while driving a stage on the Ben Ficklin line between Jacksboro and Fort Concho, in Texas, I slowed up for the Brazos River crossing and there, hanging from the limbs of a single tree, were the bodies of four men.

One of my passengers was an easterner. "What a lawless country!" he exclaimed. "Some settlers murdered in cold blood."

I explained that settlers, though sometimes murdered, never met death at the end of a rope. "Those are horse thieves," I added, calling attention to their high-heeled boots and spurs, "and though you may think it hard it's the best way we have of keeping them down."

Later I heard that these particular outlaws had been assisted out of their troubles by an army lieutenant and his Arapahoe scouts, stationed at Fort Sill.

On another occasion, in Wyoming, a major of cavalry as distinguished for his Christian virtues as for his bravery, brought a similar end to the leader of a gang that had been preying on the stock of settlers and of the Army for years. On the Staked Plains I saw a horse thief strung up to a wagon tongue held upright, no tree being available.

The time I was sent out, with two other men, to bring in some stolen army stock to Fort Cummings we got the drop on Curly Bill and his partner and disarmed them without firing a shot. I told Bill that although he deserved it I wasn't going to hang him, but if I ever ran into him again under like circumstances he would find himself standing on nothing looking up a rope. So we left the two of them, without arms, ammunition, mounts or grub thirty miles from nowhere.

One night at Bowie I saw Bill in a tent barroom and reminded him of how matters stood between us.

"Oh," he said, "that's all right, Hank. I'm in a different line of business now."

He offered to buy me a drink. I refused, thinking that whatever Bill's new business was it couldn't be panning out very well, for his boots were scuffed and worn and his hat was an old one. Although possessed of no other attractive qualities that I knew

(Continued on page 54)



The MUZZLED

By

WYTHE WILLIAMS

Cartoons by
George Shanks

EUROPE again is at the boiling point of war. The reason cannot be assigned solely to the document frequently pronounced iniquitous, entitled the Treaty of Versailles, that indeed has helped stir the Old World to fever pitch. Nor does the blame lie alone upon the statesmen or politicians, large and small, who at least keep long working hours trying to guide the destinies of nations. Most of the fault belongs to the vicious institution known as political censorship of news, fostered and permitted by governments, which collectively therefore must share the dire responsibility.

America won the first decisive victory in the age-long struggle for free speech and free press when in the Constitution of the new nation, the press was the only institution specifically mentioned as inviolate. During wars between nations military censorships are established, naturally, that correspondents may not inadvertently send out information giving aid and comfort to the enemy. But everywhere, except in autocracies, during the nineteenth century, political censorship gradually languished and the public generally knew and understood how the planet progressed.

With the World War political censorship again came into its own and ever since has flourished like a garden weed. Today twenty-four European nations are stifling under a news control more hampering to friendly international understanding than

and dictatorship, takes as its fundamental maxim, "The public be damned," or when it does not go quite that far, at least, the public be duped. Today in these three nations nearly two hundred million human beings are deprived of their right to *know* by the few political higher-ups who completely dominate their existence. In the other twenty-one nations, an occult or invisible censorship exists which while not so openly annoying is almost as dangerous.

At the outbreak of the World War, I was the Paris correspondent for an American newspaper. Nightly a messenger boy went to the cable office with my dispatches indicating how Europe suddenly had gone mad, and what the French nation in particular proposed to do about it.

Hundreds of Americans, on vacation or business in Europe, caught in the rapid swirl of events, were trying wildly to book passage home. The banks imposed a moratorium and travelers' checks could not be cashed. Ships were scarce and filled to over-capacity. The plight of these refugees became news, almost as important to America as the onrush of war. My editor cabled for a list, complete as possible, of those in Paris, that their friends and relatives at home might know they were outside the area of immediate danger.

The second night after the army mobilization, I wrote a cable made up of several thousand names. The messenger returned from the cable office a short while later, the list still in his hand, and laconically gave the reason therefor.

"Nothing doing," he said. "The censor is on the job."

In response to my heated observation that the dispatch contained nothing but names, he said:

"I told the guy that, but he said it was *code*."

That was my first contact with His All-Mightiness, the Censor. I had considered that news from the battle zone would be controlled by a military censor, but the idea of a political censor sitting in the main telegraph office of the capital had not occurred to me.

In the years that have passed, I have had many experiences with the censor, military and political, and never have I known his acumen to register much higher above the zero mark than it did on that initial meeting. I make this bald assertion because after my long experience I cannot accept what always seems the basic and frequently the only idea of the censor, namely that the person whose work he judges knows either little or nothing of his subject, while the censor knows everything. It was entirely useless on that summer night in 1914 to argue with the super nitwit enthroned at the cable office that the names in my dispatch were not code words, or even so, that they did not in any way harm the cause of France, and might even be beneficial in a land where France then needed friends. The names

See nothing,
type nothing,
send nothing



Determined that the
worst will come

the censorship, both military and political, that existed during the struggle of the nations.

In three great European powers, Germany, Italy, Russia, this news muzzle is official and iron-clad. Scores of journalists are *incommunicado*, in prisons and concentration camps of their own countries, their only offense being honest portrayal of often unpleasant truths. Foreign correspondents, for the same crime of honesty and accuracy, have been subjected to humiliating imprisonment followed by ignominious expulsion.

Official political censorship, inevitable correlation to tyranny

PRESS *of* EUROPE

were code, he said, and he *knew*, he said also. And he treated me as if I were a public enemy.

The censor himself is of course only the living symbol of the institution. He has his rules, which apparently leave common sense out of account, and he must stick to them. Of the two brands, the army censor in the field has, I admit, more reason for existence. Battle plans may be prematurely exposed. Things happen at the front that it is perhaps better the public does not know. But even there, writing from the experience of several wars, my considered opinion is that the chief censor should have at least the authority of a major general rather than the customary understrapper whose knowledge counts for little. The doughboy who tried to express his thoughts to his parents or his girl back home fumed just as much over the censor's blue pencil as the superior war correspondent who, as a sop to his irritation, later may have been invited to the general's mess.

Shortly after the first battle of the Marne, during the race north to the sea that culminated in the battle of the Yser, a distinguished-looking, bemedaled colonel in British uniform, accompanied by an also bemedaled major, sat in a village telegraph office far back of the lines, where war correspondents were instructed to file their news. The stack of telegrams on the table before them got higher and higher. The correspondent for a London paper asked the colonel when might it be expected that his dispatch would arrive at destination. The colonel heaved a vast sigh and said he didn't think it would ever get there. The correspondent sought enlightenment and the colonel said: "You see, it's this way. We were sent here to take charge of all this stuff, and to send on only what we think is all right. But frankly we do not know, and so we have decided that our best course is just not to send anything."

This censor, in addition to his ignorance, at least was honest, but England, feverishly waiting for news of events on the Western Front, and with every right to know, was kept in the dark.

Scores of incidents could be cited to prove my assertions concerning the institution of censorship, both military and political, that it is vicious, poisonous to the intellectual well-springs of the human race, and a direct threat to world peace. But this article is not anecdotal, except to illustrate the situation today.

Direct censorship today, besides that in the three great powers, also rules definitely over Austria. More than occasionally it clamps down in Spain, Portugal, Greece and the other Balkan states, likewise in Poland and the little nations bordering the Baltic, where troubles constantly break out which the authorities want to conceal not only from the outer world but as much as possible from their own people.

The occult censorship exists notably in



Catch 'em young,
teach 'em rough

France, Holland and Belgium, semi-official only, and carefully concealed in operation, but where

overnight it is privileged to transform itself into a news muzzle as rigid as in those nations where news not only is controled but where every source of independence or opposition is obliterated. In the remaining states of Europe this invisible censorship is even more hidden and while less disturbing is nevertheless dangerous should trouble spread in those localities.

In the British Parliament the press has been characterized as the Fourth Estate—powerful, necessary and forming the keystone of democratic government. Great Britain does not figure in the list of European nations to which I have referred, but with the United States is distinguished by a press that is independent and unafraid. The honesty of the British press never has been questioned. This assertion cannot be made of the press of several continental powers in which it is so palpably venal as to cause distrust if not disgust even among its readers.

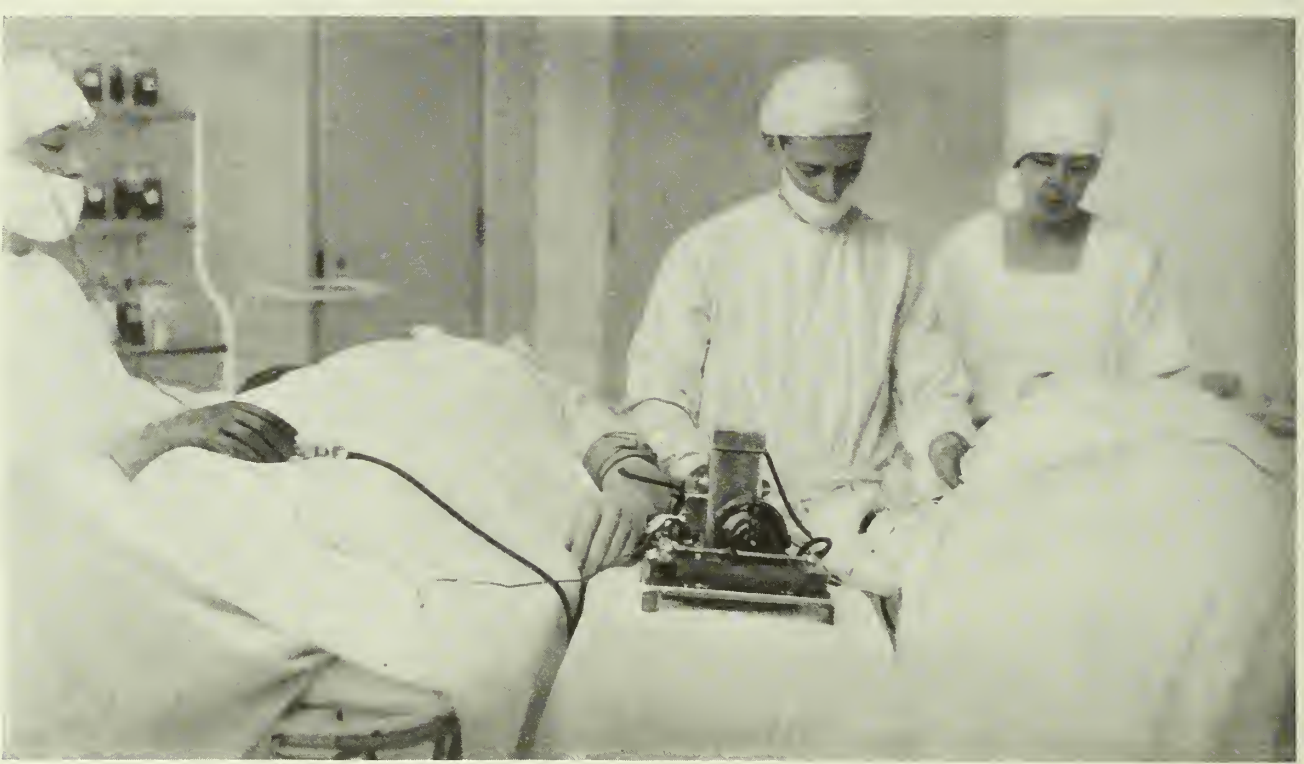
Occult censorship as practised in France, for example, is a remote control affair that is rather stiflingly effective. Correspondents may file what they please. A dispatch is sent as it is written. BUT the moment that it is filed at the telegraph or cable office it is scrutinized by those in authority who hold the power of life or death so far as the writer's job is concerned. Therefore he lives always under the shadow of a possible mistake. In brief he must watch his step, and never offend or even criticize too freely.

In its own press France permits freedom of opinion, and especially invective, to a degree unknown elsewhere. For instance Leon Daudet, editor of the (Continued on page 61)



Ready with
hatred and
a sword in-
stead of un-
derstanding





Above, a typical blood transfusion operation. Below, Myron Gillette, 9, of Closter, New Jersey, Finance Officer of his Squadron of S. A. L., with seven members of LeRoy S. Mead Post who gave their blood to save his life

BLOOD BROTHERS

ONE by one medical science is unlocking the ancient mysteries having to do with life and death. Wizards and alchemists experimented in the Middle Ages in an effort to save dying men by transferring to their veins and arteries blood from animals and healthy human beings, but now in 1936 physicians and surgeons are doing as a matter of course the life-saving operations which save thousands who in any earlier age would have bled to death.

The American Legion in hundreds of communities has made itself the ally of physicians and surgeons who are performing operations which once would have passed for miracles. In almost every State are American Legion blood squads, composed of post members ready to give blood of tested quality whenever called upon.

Newburyport (Massachusetts) Post claims the honor of having the pioneer American Legion free blood squad. On November 11, 1927, just as the post was preparing to hold its annual Armistice Day Ball, a call came from a hospital for Dr. Frank W. Snow, the post's first Commander. Dr. Snow found at the hospital a young man, victim of a hunting accident, his right arm and shoulder shot away. The young man was sinking rapidly. Dr. Snow appealed to the post members who were assembling for the ball. A transfusion operation was performed. The man's life was saved.

In the following spring a motorcycle police officer, a member of the post, died after an accident, although post members answered the call for a volunteer. Time had been lost in procuring a donor of the right type. This occurrence proved the need

for a blood squad ready for any call. Dr. Snow, at a meeting in July, 1928, proposed a plan which was adopted. The post's blood squad then began the official existence which it still preserves. Edward A. Butler, its captain, reports that twenty-four men have supplied blood in fifty-eight transfusion operations and



have stood by after an equal number of calls when blood was not required. Many of the calls followed automobile accidents.

"Newburyport, with its harbor on the Atlantic Ocean, is at the end of a highway which extends thirty-eight miles northward out of Boston," writes Mr. Butler. "The highway is wide, with three traffic lanes, and a high rate of accidents goes with its high rate of speed. When calls have come in the middle of the night for donors, after accidents on the turnpike, the captain has had men at the hospital in fifteen minutes.

"The men are divided into groups. Thirteen men belong to the universal donor group, six to Group 2, four to Group 3 and one to Group 4. They are divided under the Jansky classification, and each man is physically examined periodically and yearly receives the Wassermann Test from the state laboratory.

"Newburyport Post is gratified by the large number of other post blood squads which have been organized. It is appropriate

the boy's father. Myron recovered and is today as active as any other member of the post's squadron of Sons of The American Legion, of which he is Finance Officer.

Commander Louis R. Benner of Morgan-Ranck Post of Ocean City, New Jersey, nominates Frank Spencer, a member of his outfit, as champion donor. Spencer has given blood in fourteen transfusion operations, always without compensation. The young son of a Legionnaire suffering from double pneumonia rallied immediately after an operation and made a rapid recovery. Another patient saved was an aged woman who had lost a leg under a train.

"The most remarkable case, though," writes Commander Benner, "came when a member of our post who hadn't attended many meetings was in a critical condition at a hospital following hemorrhages of the stomach. An operation was performed, but the bleeding continued. It was determined that only a transfu-



Members of Wenatchee (Washington) Post formed this free blood transfusion squad in 1933 and have helped save many lives. Legion blood squads now serve communities in almost every State

that the Legion should take an active part in a service which really owes its development to the knowledge gained by our medical men in the A. E. F."

Reports of the service of other Legion blood squads have been published in this sector from time to time. Wenatchee (Washington) Post organized a squad of eight men in 1933 and has rendered notable service to its town. From Closter, New Jersey, comes one of the latest of many similar reports. Post Commander J. B. Pearman writes that when Myron Gillette, the nine-year-old son of Past Commander George M. Gillette, was stricken with a serious infection which caused a great loss of weight and kept him confined to a bed in a hospital for two months, every member of LeRoy S. Mead Post volunteered to donate blood to save the boy's life. Seven were found to have blood of Type 2, matching that of the patient. Eleven transfusions were performed by Dr. C. D. Cochrane, in three of which blood was furnished by

sion could keep him alive. Informed of this, I drove Spencer fourteen miles to the hospital in my car. His blood matched that of the patient and the transfusion was carried out. To the surprise of everybody, the patient recovered. He is extremely grateful to Spencer. The most surprising thing about it is that neither man knew the other at the time they met in the hospital. Now the former patient is full of new appreciation for the Legion and calls Spencer his blood brother."

In larger cities associations have been formed so that profes-

sional donors may be registered and answer calls promptly. Outstanding is the Blood Transfusion Betterment Association, 39 East 78th Street, New York City. Dr. E. H. L. Corwin, secretary, estimates that as many as 11,000 transfusion operations are performed in a single year in New York City.

Dr. Corwin calls attention to the fact that three distinct designations exist for the classification of the four blood groups. These are the Jansky, the Moss and the International. The three distinct designations lead to confusion



and may sometimes have disastrous consequences.

"Scientists agree that the International classification, or the O, A, B and AB designation, is the most practical and should be universally adopted for safety's sake, if for no other reason," Dr. Corwin writes.

Dr. Corwin records in an address the fact that references to blood transfusions are found in the writings of the ancient Egyptians, Greeks and Romans. Jean Baptiste Denys, physician to Louis XIV, is usually credited with the performance of the first successful blood transfusion, which occurred on June 15, 1667, when he transfused nine ounces of arterial blood from a sheep to a sufferer from repeated bleedings and both survived it. Prior to 1900 it was believed that blood of each species was uniform. In that year Karl Landsteiner, a Viennese doctor, made the discovery of four types of human blood. From this discovery proceeded the modern science of blood transfusion, at first with the use of defibrinated blood and later with citrates. About the time the World War broke, scientists perfected the method of transfusion of unmodified blood as it is known today.

Playing Cards and Pencils

ADVERTISING POST of Chicago had the happy idea a year or so ago of asking all its members to collect in their own homes and from their friends decks of used playing cards which were still serviceable. Its request brought in a mountain of playing cards, and thousands of decks of the cards were taken by the post to patients in the wards of Edward Hines Hospital and other Veterans Administration hospitals near Chicago. Now comes Thomas A. Lyons, writing from the Veterans Administration Facility at San Fernando, California, with another idea.

"The patients in this hospital are constantly asking for pencils," writes Mr. Lyons. "It is known that stenographers never use pencils to the end. We would consider it a favor if a large number of these discarded pencils were sent to this hospital. Incidentally, there is an idea in this for

Here, in the order of their service since 1919, are sixteen Past Commanders and the present Commander (at right) of Pike Post, Tyndall, South Dakota. They compose a Last Man's Club whose membership roll will be closed when a Past Commander dies

Say!! How about easin' off a bit to the left there, Hippo!!?



Legion posts in all parts of the country which are trying to make things easy for the patients in the veterans' hospitals of their localities."

P. C.'s Last Man Club

LAST Man Clubs have bloomed like dandelions in The American Legion since Stillwater (Minnesota) Post several years ago started its club on the pattern of the original Last Man's Club composed of Stillwater Civil War veterans.

But where is another Last Man's Club like the one started last year by Pike Post of Tyndall, South Dakota? It is composed entirely of Past Commanders of the post, according to Legionnaire M. F. Schmitt. Each new Commander will be admitted to membership until one of the present members of the club dies, whereupon the membership roll will be closed and the grim march will officially start. Each year thereafter the club will hold a banquet.

"There are some other novel aspects to our club," says Mr. Schmitt. "For example, there is the club's annual luncheon, held on the day of the annual post banquet. Past Commanders attend with their wives. Of the seventeen Commanders, fifteen are married and their wives are all living. Even though some of the Commanders have left town and live as far away as 500 miles, there was a full attendance for the luncheon and banquet last November."

The Last Man Dies

FOLLOWING the death of Captain Charles M. Lockwood, last survivor of the Last Man's Club of Company B, First Minnesota Volunteer Infantry, Stillwater (Minnesota) Post of The American Legion last autumn conducted a ceremony to symbolize the end of the club.

The Last Man's Club was formed in 1885 at a reunion of thirty-four men who had marched away to war together in 1861. The men agreed to hold annual reunions until only one man was left, this last man to drink a toast to the departed from a bottle of





The Natural Bridge of Virginia, 215 feet high and ninety feet wide, provided a picturesque night background when Department Commander Frank F. Rennie, Jr., inducted into office the thirteen Commanders of the Eleventh District of Virginia

Burgundy wine set aside for the final ceremony. Club members died year after year until in 1930 Captain Lockwood carried out his pledge as the last man. In the banquet room of the Lowell Inn he sat down alone, facing thirty-three chairs draped in mourning, as he recited a toast and pronounced the words which ended the club. In the same room, on the day after Mr. Lockwood's death, Stillwater Legionnaires assembled to give to him final honors.

"The chairs were all arranged as they were when Mr. Lockwood sat down in 1930," writes L. B. Kolliner. "All chairs were draped except that of Mr. Lockwood. While Frank Collopy, Past Commander of the V. F. W. post, and Past Commander E. W. Linner of the Legion post acted as color bearers, I draped Mr. Lockwood's chair and completed the circle."

Under Natural Bridge

FOURTEEN miles south of Lexington and thirty-nine miles north of Roanoke stands one of America's greatest wonders of nature, the Natural Bridge of Virginia. Discovered by the pioneers, surveyed by George Washington for Lord Fairfax,

deeded by George III to Thomas Jefferson two years before the Declaration of Independence, it is 215 feet high and ninety wide. Cedar River runs beneath it and across its top is Federal Highway 11.

With an eye to the spectacular, the thirteen posts of the Eleventh District of Virginia made the Natural Bridge the scene of the joint installation of their officers for 1936. While the great arch, illuminated by lights installed in 1927, served as a backdrop, Department Commander Frank F. Rennie, Jr., conducted the ceremony. The Commanders represented the posts in Covington, Staunton, Clifton Forge, Hot Springs, Buchanan, Lexington, Buena Vista, Waynesboro, Livingston and Monterey.

"Nobody who participated got a greater kick out of the ceremony than G. D. Fletcher, Commander of Rockbridge Post of Lexington," writes Department Adjutant W. Glenn Elliott. "It recalled to Mr. Fletcher the day in 1900 when, as attorney for the owners of the bridge, he welcomed as a visitor President William McKinley, returning to cross again the Natural Bridge which he had first crossed as an officer of the Union Army."

Fingerprints for Everybody

MEMBERS of Harding-Olk-Craidge Post in Bay City, Michigan, recalled the days when they joined the Army and Navy, as Bay City police took their fingerprints in the same fashion as in 1917 and 1918. The fingerprinting of the Legionnaires was a part of a campaign of community personal protection and the post's war on crime, begun when Frank W. Anderson, city superintendent of police, and Joseph M. Kearney, a commanding officer of the Michigan state police, attended a fish fry given by the post and explained how citizens could help authorities.

Hungry Children

BOHANNON POST of Livingston, Tennessee, observed American Education Week in the schools of its county in November by renewing its acquaintance with the boys and girls it got to know last year. Its interest in its county's schools wasn't academic then. It stepped forward with a helping hand when school teachers and principals reported that children were coming to school long distances, breakfastless and carrying no lunches. At a conference with community leaders, county officials, Red Cross and federal relief officials and others it was determined that the Legion could help by supplying cups and spoons and other utensils for the preparation and serving of food, while food supplies were obtained from relief sources.

"There are eighty-five schools in the county and more than 5,000 school children," writes Dr. C. H. Dowell, Post Commander. "We sent Legionnaires to meet with teachers who were called together in groups by the county superintendent. We explained our plan. Forty schools adopted (Continued on page 62)

Boys, I want you to meet my son - just a block off the old chip!!



Two mademoiselles of Vougé-court and some doughboy clients in their open-air laundry

IF, AS has been suggested, a man's helpfulness around the house tends towards the continuance of happy homes, then the percentage of divorces among war veterans should be comparatively low. Why? Well, the exigencies of service demanded that doughboys and gobs and gyrenes develop quite a few housewifely arts. Cleanliness and orderliness, you will recall, were stressed as soon as you reached camp. Assignment as room orderly offered experience in wielding a broom. K. P. brought mastery of many of the culinary arts and many a man who had never boiled water before, often found himself on the job as cook.

Remember the "housewife"—that khaki-colored roll with tape ties in which were contained needles and thread—issued to every man in service? And remember seeing hardboiled guys sitting around sewing on buttons, or, greatest thrill of all, stitching onto the sleeves of blouses their first N. C. O. chevrons?

And those washing bees out in the bath houses in back of barracks or tents! Underwear and sox showed some signs of cleanness after being mauled around by would-be launderers. And yet, not so long ago, some enthusiastic objector to the payment of our adjusted compensation certificates contended that the pampered service men even had their laundry done free by a benevolent Government! Not so! Of course, those plutocrats who had a couple of dollars left after allotments, insurance premiums, Liberty Bond payments, and various and sundry other deductions had been made from their meager pay, could afford the luxury of paying the camp laundry.

Too bad that objector wasn't in service himself, and particularly overseas where he could have seen soldiers doing their own washing in the village lavoir or in the nearby creek—when an opportunity to wash clothes at all was presented. We won't



When **WE WASHED** *Our Own*

elaborate on the many times when perforce underwear and sox went unchanged for weeks at a time.

Again, though, the plutocrats in the outfit were able to have this work done for them while in training areas or in the back areas between hitches in the line. That invasion of American soldiers into France proved a windfall for the hand laundry business, as well as all the other businesses in the sleepy, backward French villages. Almost every madame and mademoiselle took in washing and did a land-office business. Remember how quickly they learned to charge, say, 3 francs, 25 centimes, for a job not worth more than three francs, knowing well that the generous American doughboy wouldn't wait for the change and they would gain that much thereby?

THIS month, through the interest of Walter E. Cooper of Cranford (New Jersey) Post, a counselor at law at 20 Exchange Place, New York City, we show a picture of a comely young French blanchisseuse—laundress, to you—and some of her doughboy clients. Cooper, formerly a corporal in Company A, 104th Motor Supply Train, 29th Division, has this to say:

"The enclosed snapshot, taken in Vougécourt, Haute Saône, during the spring of 1919, shows from left to right, rear row,

Dipoalo ('Wopolo'), Harry 'Nigger' Paul, Frank 'Dad' Ligon, and William Jennings Bryan Payton (yes, he was born in 1896 and his father was a Democrat); front row, Charlotte, Frank Christiano, Marie (the village paper girl and laundress) and myself—properly and affectionately called by my comrades 'Squads-Left Foot.'

"It is not clear whose undershirt Marie was paddling at the time of the photographic interruption but its state of cleanliness indicates that it could not have belonged to any member of Company A. The photographer, I believe, was Private Moore, the most innocent member of the company but who, nevertheless, smuggled a vest pocket camera all through the 29th Division campaigns.

"We had a Blue and Gray quartet in Vougécourt. It consisted of Dick McCarthy from Maryland, Hardy Fewell from Tennessee, 'Dad' Ligon from Virginia and me, from New Jersey. This quartet was one of the horrors of war overlooked by Floyd Gibbons. I would like to hear from all of my fellow singers and other boys of old Company A."

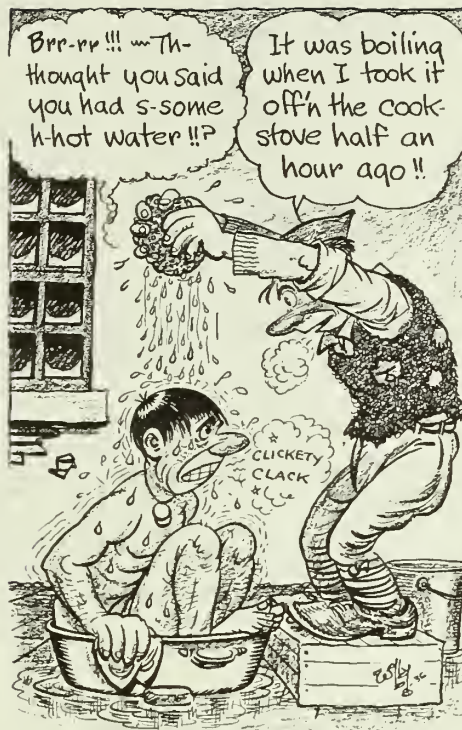
Cooper will probably be surprised at the big response he gets.

BIG MOMENTS? We all had them during the war and they weren't all concerned with narrow escape from death, with the sense of relief at the Armistice, or when we steamed into one of the home ports.

One of our biggest moments occurred in the Occupied Area in Germany and we know it was experienced by thousands of doughboys. It was during a leave trip to Coblenz, headquarters of the American Third Army and of the Interallied Rhineland High Commission. The city, at the conflux of the Rhine and the Moselle, with its palaces and parks, its Festhalle, its hotels and cafés, was a thrill in itself after months in small, smelly villages or in the lines.

Every visitor's first thought was to see the famous Rhine. Coming out onto the Kaiserin-Victoria Anlagen, the terraced and parked promenade along that river, noted in history and legend, across the stream one saw a commanding hill on which a fort stood, and floating majestically from the flag staff was a huge American flag. Big moment? Well, it sent a tingle down the spine and brought a lump into the throat.

There above Fort Ehrenbreitstein, the so-called "Gibraltar of Germany," was your flag. That then became your next objective

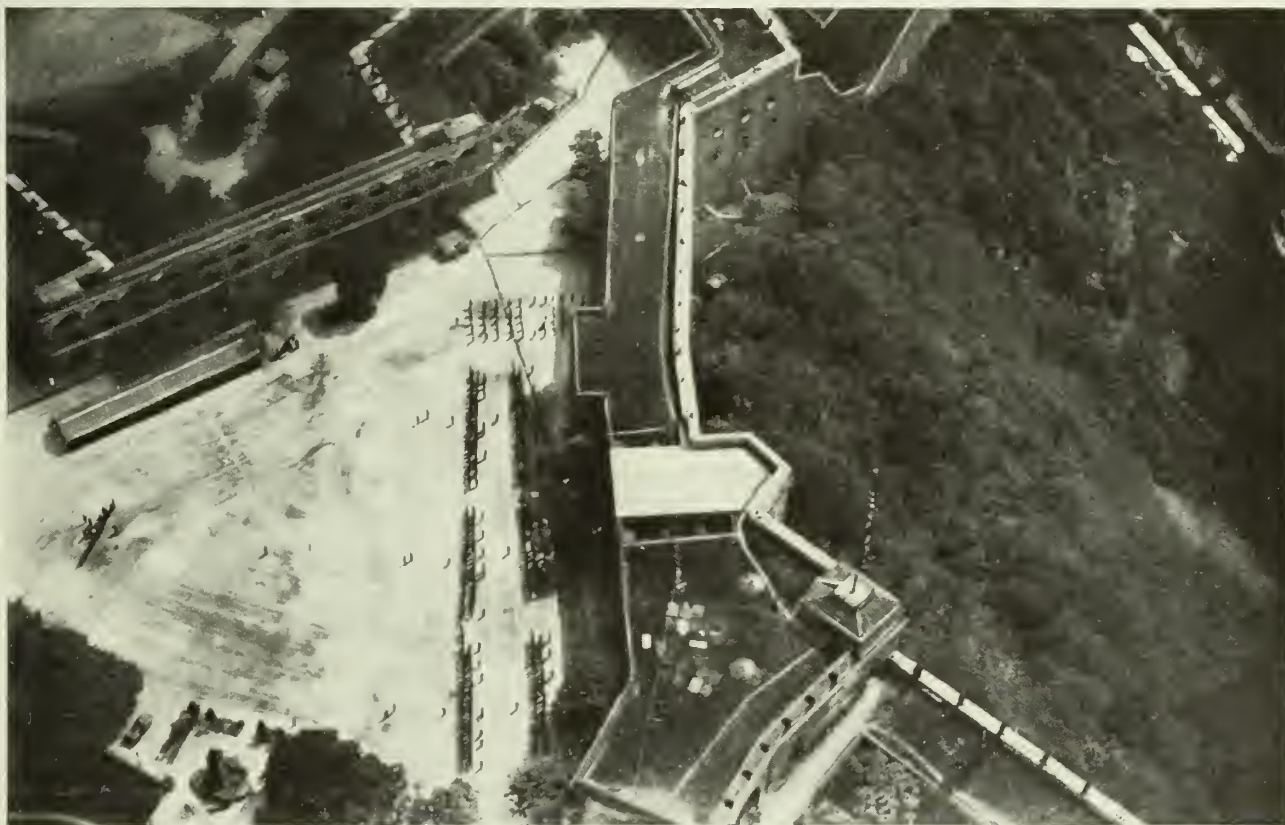


tions to the central citadel crowning the 450-foot rock.

Strangely enough, the striking picture of Fort Ehrenbreitstein which we show was sent to us by an ex-gob, Legionnaire C. M. Hiatt of 2120 Pecan Street, Texarkana, Arkansas-Texas, who failed to do any touring when his ship put in on the other side. He tells us that it is one of a number of photographs given to him by an army officer returning home in 1919 on his ship, the U. S. S. *Pocahontas*, and so is unable to tell us just what ceremony was taking place when the airplane view was taken. We hope, therefore, that some veterans of the 17th Field Artillery, the 7th Machine Gun Battalion or the 5th Field Artillery, which at various times occupied the Fort during the days of the Army of Occupation or of the American Forces in Germany (which took the place of the Third Army early in July, 1919), can tell us what the occasion was. We think that the 17th Field Artillery must have been the outfit pictured, as that regiment moved to the Fort on February 5, 1919, and Hiatt suggests

that the picture was taken on the morning of May 28, 1919.

Hiatt reports that after entering the Navy on April 6, 1917, and training at Great Lakes, he was one of the small crew assigned in August, 1917, to the interned German liner *Prinzess*



Where the Stars and Stripes commanded the American Occupied Area. A review or decoration ceremony of American troops in the main citadel of Fort Ehrenbreitstein, opposite Coblenz, Germany. In upper right, a glimpse of the Rhine, four hundred and fifty feet below the fort

—reached by walking across the bridge of boats to Ehrenbreitstein, the village on the eastern bank, and then by following up the winding approach that led through several tiers of fortifica-

Irene, which was commissioned the U. S. S. *Pocahontas*. Sailing on its first voyage on September 7, 1917, with 3600 soldiers aboard, he continued in service on the same ship during its

Fort Benning, Georgia, in 1918, sported this gate to the Tank Corps area. It was decorative and at the same time a challenge to neighboring outfits



twenty-six trips across the Atlantic, plying between America and various French, English, Belgian and Dutch ports.

WE ROUNDED up this information about Fort Ehrenbreitstein: The Romans, at the time of the Emperor Julian, are supposed to have built a fort on this site. During the eleventh century, a noble named Erembert (from whom its present name was probably derived) held the castle. It suffered numerous sieges during the centuries and in 1799 was taken by the French. It became Prussian in 1815. The present fortress was built in 1816-26.

From "The Rhineland Occupation," written by Major General Henry T. Allen, who commanded the American Forces in Germany from July 8, 1919, until January 24, 1923, when American troops were withdrawn from the Rhineland, we extract the following:

"At noon, January 24, 1923, the American flag was lowered the last time at Ehrenbreitstein, thus marking the end of the occupation of that part of the Rhine Province held by the American troops. The French flag was then hoisted. The British and Belgian Commissioners, in a most delicate remonstrance against the departure of the American Forces, declined to be present at this flag ceremony . . ." From one of the appendices to the book we get this interesting, and to us, heretofore unknown sidelight:

"Along with the other fortification elements of the defense of Coblenz, the Interallied Board of Control was determined that Ehrenbreitstein should be destroyed as soon as our forces could vacate it. The several assaults made to that end were finally repulsed when it became definitely known that the American Commanding General would not consent to its destruction. The Board knew quite as well as he that this monument had no military value. Primarily, stone works have become obsolete, and secondarily, in the hands of the Allies, it could be dominated easily by reason of the terrain by long-range guns coming from the East.

"This fortress could have

no value and perhaps no sentimental significance for any Allied state that might have dreamed of its future holding. There were already too many ruins on the Rhine attesting the hatred of men, and it did not seem in the interest of any worthy end to add another. Jestingly the commander of the American Forces informed the Board that some day his own Government might want that superb site with its historical buildings. In truth such a thought is no less probable of realization than would have seemed an ante-bellum expressed intention of holding with a military force a given section of Central Europe over a period of four years. It was only the determined attitude of the American Commanding General that saved Ehrenbreitstein."

APPROPRIATELY enough, "Treat 'Em Rough," was the slogan of the Tank Corps, that branch of our service whose men saw plenty of tough action. One of its veterans, William S. Browning, ex-sergeant, now lined up with the Legion post in Falls Church, Virginia, let us have the snapshot of the entrance gate to the camp of his outfit, shown above, and this story:

"Herewith a snapshot of the 'Treat 'Em Rough' gate erected by Detachment No. 1 of the Tank Corps which I feel will bring many smiles and pleasant memories to a widely-scattered bunch of men who spent the winter of '18-'19 at Camp Benning, Georgia. The snarling black cat above the gateway faced other outfits across the street who seemed to take it as a challenge and threatened to try to take it down.

"This T. C. outfit was composed of men mostly from the Northwest. Very few had seen the land of growing cotton, so when we left Camp Dix in the afternoon of December 22, 1918, for the Sunny South everybody was highly delighted. No doubt they all remember how we were showered with apples, chocolate and cigarettes at Danville, Virginia, and with cookies of every description, served by dozens of attractive girls at Greensboro, North Carolina.

"After we got into the Carolinas and began to see cotton fields, the boys got permission to leave the train at various stops and



pick some for souvenirs until at least a hundred of our travelers, had bolls tucked away in the old kit bags. We reached Columbus, Georgia, just before midnight on Christmas Eve, then several miles by motor transport out to camp where tents had been put up just before our arrival. The next morning we soon found we were surrounded with cotton—even our company street was filled with cotton stalks not cleanly picked. This was the basis for a joke on the souvenir hounds, especially when details were called out to help clean cotton off the drill field!

"From among my tent buddies, my guess is that Dennison is a prominent physician in Michigan; Charlie, a certified accountant out of Purdue; Buchanan, handling an auto agency in Oregon; Hughes, ranching in Alberta; Thomas still keeping the grizzlies subdued in Alaska, and Michenor, after giving me a green-stick fracture of two ribs in a sparring bout, has returned to his boots and saddle in Montana—although none of these men has been heard from since we were mustered out.

"Shortly after we started soldiering at Benning, a fine-looking Newfoundland dog attached himself to our part of camp. He became very popular with the boys and on the quiet they started calling him by the name of the highest ranking officer of the outfit. One day when a long mess-line was waiting for the mess-hall to open, the stately solemn-faced pup approached the gang, and from the opposite direction Major Newland (phoney name) came up in back of them on his way to headquarters. 'Big Shot' called out, 'Here comes old Newland for his bone.' The major smiled and evidently understood the situation. Several years later when passing through Washington, D. C., I saw this same officer at a busy transfer point. There he was—dignified, calm, vigorous-looking, with those features and expression that demand justice and fairness—head and shoulders above the crowd and still in uniform.

"Wonder if my guesses about the gang's present occupations are correct? Wish those I mentioned and others would make report."

IF YOUR wartime outfit contemplates holding its 1936 reunion in conjunction with the Legion national convention in Cleveland, September 21st to 24th—and the idea seems to gain in favor each year—it is suggested that you report that fact promptly to J. M. Sawyer, Reunion Chairman of the convention, 14907 Lakewood Heights Boulevard, Lakewood, Cleveland, Ohio. He will assist you in making reservations for reunion headquarters, dinners, banquets or whatever you request. At the same time, report the reunion to the Company Clerk of the Monthly so announcements may be published in this column.

Detailed information regarding the following (Continued on page 63)



I've just seen 25th Century Magic

by Graham McNamee, *Ace Radio and Sports Commentator*

I HAVE SEEN amazing feats of skill in my years as a radio reporter and sports announcer—but I've just witnessed the most remarkable demonstration of skill and accuracy I ever laid eyes on!

The other day I made an inspection trip through the Gillette factory in Boston where Gillette blades are produced. Here is a house of magic if there ever was one! The equipment there is as amazing—as bewildering—as the mechanical wonders you'd expect to see 500 years from now.

These Gillette machines are so accurate, so finely adjusted that they turn out shaving edges which are actually *invisible*—edges measuring about 1/80,000 of an inch in thickness! It takes sheer magic to measure edges as fine as these. And that's why they use an exclusive "magical" device called the "photo-electric eye" in which a beam of light gauges sharpness with amazing accuracy.



But there are more wonders—more 25th-Century instruments—designed to make the finest razor blade that modern science and superlative skill can produce.

Can you imagine a hardening furnace room as cool and immaculate as an office . . . four-ton blade sharpeners adjustable to 1/10,000 of an inch . . . microscopes that magnify an object 3,000 times . . . hardness testers that use diamonds, real square cut diamonds . . . an X-ray-like machine that "sees" through steel . . . abrasives as fine as cake flour!

With all this amazing scientific equipment . . . this painstaking craftsmanship . . . this superhuman accuracy, I just don't see how Gillette blades could possibly be equalled for downright shaving comfort. In fact, if all men could see what I've just seen, I feel sure they'd always say "Gillette" when they ask for razor blades.

With facts like these before you, why let anyone deprive you of shaving comfort by selling you a substitute! Ask for Gillette Blades and be sure to get them.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

"I see ye're na' sae
relooctant, Jaimie,
when it's Teacher's."



GOOD TASTE

The popularity of Scotch Whisky is determined in the final analysis by the answer to this question: what of its flavour?

Teacher's "Highland Cream" Scotch Whisky is distilled and bottled by the largest independent distilling house in all Great Britain, continuously operated by the same family for more than a century... but what has carried its name and fame to every corner of the world is its flavour.
WM. TEACHER & SONS, LTD., GLASGOW and LONDON. Established 1830.



TEACHER'S

"HIGHLAND CREAM"

the Perfection of

SCOTCH WHISKY

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES:

Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY
IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

Camp Followers

(Continued from page 23)

gotta better use fer him." Nonchalantly heading for the nearest restaurant.

It was an unfortunate precedent. In two minutes, the scene of the turtle derby was deserted, each bettor having departed with his late entry.

Even today the mention of turtle soup to those members of the Portland racing fraternity—turtle syndicate chapter—brings an expression of acute pain and a torrent of very unnice language.

Then there is always the home town boy, a member of a local post, who has an idea. Sometimes it's good; usually not so hot. Seldom does he accumulate the anticipated fortune.

There was "Scotty" from central Oregon, where juniper trees are plentiful. From a strictly utilitarian point of view the wood has but little value. Now, the berries, in prohibition days—but that's another story. Gnarled, grainy, difficult to handle, still juniper wood could be fashioned into rather attractive ash-trays.

As an Oregon souvenir of the Legion convention, Scotty thought the novelty would appeal to many visitors. He obtained permission to place official convention stickers on his trays, rounded up a force of workers and put them on day and night shift to get his product ready. Thousands of them were fabricated.

Then came the convention. No one saw Scotty. The booth assigned him was unoccupied. Two days after the shouting and tumult died, Scotty put in an appearance at convention headquarters. His hair was disheveled; his suit obviously had been slept in for several nights; his eyes were shadowed by puffy rings; the hand in which he held out a check trembled slightly.

"I wanna pay for those official seals," he explained, bashful-like.

"Okay," rejoined Ben Dorris, general chairman. "How many trays did you sell?"

"Sh-sh-sh," warned Scotty, glancing about him apprehensively. No central Oregon comrades were in the offing. "Confidentially, I met a bird from my ol' outfit the day I hit town an' when we finished our celebration the convention was over!"

Then there was the national convention at which a very good friend of mine lost his shirt through ignorance of certain fundamental laws of physics, engineering stresses as applied to the fabrication of glass containers, etc. He had a great idea, almost.

He was certain that a convention novelty for which every Legionnaire would feel a yen was a replica of the old army canteen—hip pocket size and made of glass. In the canteen he would peddle—of all things—tomato juice. Well, you have to admit there was something in

this idea. Tomato juice is a darned popular beverage at conventions and who wouldn't be pleased to have an attractive glass canteen, reminiscent of service days and bearing the inscription "My Buddy" blown in the glass?

So he arranged for the manufacture and distribution, sinking a young fortune in the project. The product was ready when the convention rolled around and there was not a restaurant or hotel in the city that was not prepared to sell "My Buddy" tomato juice, ice-cold, in the handy glass canteen, which fitted the hip and when empty could be utilized for other beverages—milk, orange juice and the like.

Unfortunately, the canteen held approximately a full pint of tomato juice, which was just a little bit too much tomato juice for most addicts to consume in one sitting. Accordingly, the purchaser would drink what he could, put the stopper on the glass canteen and slip the container in his hip pocket to be taken up under the head of new business at a later hour.

Not long after the half-empty canteen had been stowed away, a muffled pop would ensue in the general vicinity of the right rear hip pocket, immediately after which a viscous fluid resembling blood in color but not consistency would spread around the affected area, drip on expensive hotel carpets and detract not a little from the appearance of Legion uniform or civilian habiliment.

Fabricators of the bottles had not experimented enough with glass in canteen shape to discover its weaknesses. Once air is admitted to a container half full of tomato juice it appears that quite a powerful gas is formed—with the disastrous results above chronicled.

Then I recall the enterprising gentleman who gave birth to the idea of a visor goggle of cardboard and green celluloid, to protect comrades from the sun while wearing their Legion chapeaux. The device was peddled in a packet on which were drawn a few sketches of local scenic attractions and printed messages of welcome from public officials. "The greatest publicity medium ever conceived," modestly claimed the inventor of this silly gadget, as he put up \$350 in cash to obtain a distributor's license from the convention commission.

He got the permission, manufactured 350,000 goggles, sold 6,000 of them and lost about \$12,000.

Again there was the convention a couple of years ago where local Legionnaires manufactured a blue and gold convention necktie and were given permission to use the Legion insignia on same. It sold for 50 cents. Just before the convention opened, some slickers drifted into town, sold all merchants a flock of

cheaper ties which bore not only the Legion emblem but "We Want Our Bonus" in big, yellow letters. They retailed for 25 cents and ran the local manufacturers out of business in 24 hours.

Memory recalls a few other minor convention rackets which—if I'm not boring you—may as well be mentioned here.

There is a group which frequently appears at a convention in pseudo-drum corps uniforms and seeks permission to sell a couple of hundred canes they have brought with them "to help defray the expenses of their trip." With 4,000 or more canes shipped in their care to the local express office, in the event they get their story across!

Speaking of canes, there have been several conventions where some of us more or less patriotic Legionnaires received rude shocks when we noted "Made in Japan" stickers on our newly-purchased walking sticks. Not to mention the occasional States' Dinners where "Made in Germany" has been stamped on the little American flags marking each place.

Now and then you find enterprising gentlemen arranging for a camouflaged lottery under the auspices of some very official committee, on which prominent Legionnaires have been persuaded to serve. There are many facets to this dodge but invariably it is the promoter who gleans whatever profits accrue. Bands and drum corps are particularly susceptible to this sort of promotion.

Always you will find a national convention city invaded by a dozen or more "official publications" of purported veteran groups, soliciting advertising on the plea that the money received is being used primarily "to help bring our disabled comrades to the convention," "to finance the convention," etc., ad infinitum. They sail under various banners and indeterminate sponsorships, live brief and futile lives.

A gentleman in Seattle claiming much publication experience has written several American Legion national convention commissions for official sanction for a magazine to be published in honor of the occasion "put up exactly the same as the *Saturday Evening Post*, with the exception that it has 32 pages and the cover and is put up more attractive and exclusive, omitting cheap cuts." George H. Lorimer, please note.

His first letter to one convention commission being ignored, he attributed this to lack of understanding of his meritorious proposal. In a spirit of gracious tolerance, he wrote again: "I signed over one thousand letters in the last month, so naturally with the rest of my work I could not read them as I must confess I do not write them myself, but merely tell the stenographer what I want her to write and do not bother with the dictation, but am trying to write this one myself so you see it is more personal and I think I can make myself more clearer."

In prohibition (Continued on page 40)



OL' JUDGE ROBBINS

SHOWS HIS PIPE COLLECTION

AS YOU'RE SO INTERESTED IN PIPES, LAD, I'LL SHOW YOU SOME OF THE RARER ONES IN MY COLLECTION. IT BEATS ALL HOW MANY KINDS OF MATERIAL PIPES WERE MADE OF! ALMOST EVERYTHING YOU CAN THINK OF



YOU'VE HEARD OF THE CALUMET — THE INDIAN PIPE OF PEACE — BUT THERE WAS A PIPE OF WAR, TOO — AND HERE'S A BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLE — BOWL AND AXE-BLADE MADE OF DARK STONE, RUDELY ENGRAVED — ON THE RIGHT AND LEFT ARE TWO BEARS — THE WOOD STEM IS CARVED IN A FLORAL PATTERN



AND HERE'S AN ODD PIPE — A CAPITAL EXAMPLE OF THE SKILL AND HUMOR OF THE ESKIMOS — IT'S MADE OF WHALEBONE, AND THE ANIMALS ON THE STEM ARE CARVED IN ONE PIECE WITH THE PIPE — PIPES LIKE THESE WERE ALSO MADE BY THE ANCIENT ASIATIC RUSSIANS



THIS PREHISTORIC MEXICAN PIPE OF TERRA COTTA IS FULL OF CHARACTER — NOTICE THE EXPRESSION OF THE FULL FACE LOOKING AT US OUT OF THE AGES! IT SEEMS TO BE ASKING A QUESTION — IF IT'S A QUESTION OF TOBACCO, WE

CAN SURE ANSWER IT, LAD, CAN'T WE? YOU'RE RIGHT — PRINCE ALBERT!



© 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.

MEN, SHAKE HANDS WITH SMOKIN' AT ITS BEST!



Tamp the golden-brown, fragrant P. A. particles into your pipe—and play a match across the bowl! That's solid comfort! For you're smoking mild, choice tobacco—"crimp-cut" for cool smoking—its natural mellowness enhanced by the special P. A. "anti-bite" process. Note the offer below. Prince Albert is great for roll-your-own cigarettes too!



OUR OFFER TO PIPE SMOKERS

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE!

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert.

Camp Followers

(Continued from page 39)

days, there were the usual under-cover proposals from bootleggers. None of which, of course, were ever considered for a moment. Some were quite generous. At Detroit, there was a big shot who offered, in return for an official concession to dispose of hard drinks, to cut the convention commission in for a generous slice of the profits and also to tip off all rival concerns to police and federal officers.

The convention commission in one Legion host city leaned over backward in the matter of refreshments. It turned down flat an offer of \$5,000 by a responsible and respectable bottling house for the exclusive ginger ale concession, merely because some members of the commission held the archaic idea that some of the purchasers in consummating sales might have in mind the mixing of such a concoction with beverages having what was then an illegal alcoholic content.

An enterprising young man who obtained permission of a convention city to sell a novelty ash-tray featuring a bronze, miniature doughboy, er—, a miniature bronze doughboy—well, anyway, a small statue of an infantryman, specified that he would offer it for sale by a group of lively girls. Possibly the girls were not sufficiently animated. In any event, the clean-up detail of the convention had a

letter from the seller announcing that he had lost \$348.50 on the deal and demanding "Where do I get off at?"

A seafaring man rolled into the office of Robert M. Mount, manager of the Better Business Bureau and concession committee chairman in Portland, with an idea. He wished recognition as the official tattooer of the national convention, in return for which he would guarantee 15 per cent of the gross to the commission. Lots of ex-gobs coming to the convention would want to change their decorations, he averred.

Then there was a charming old lady whose heart bled at the thought of the thousands of men, once the flower of young American manhood, trudging weary miles during the Big Parade with feet that burned and blistered. She had invented a foot-powder and wished the privilege of establishing official foot-powdering stands at the beginning and end of the line of march to minister to the needs of the hoofers.

There are always song-writing pests with "official songs" they wish to peddle—on the back of their four-page sheets advertisements of pimple and blackhead removers or lost manhood restoratives.

I would not wish to leave the impression that there are not many legitimate concessions, indispensable to the proper

functioning of a convention. The American Legion has no quarrel with them. But every convention of magnitude, state or national, attracts slickers. Some of them are quite harmless; many are petty grafters; others play for big stakes; all are an infernal nuisance. Almost as much so as the juveniles who wear colored paper or cotton caps with "Welcome, Buddy!" or "Hello, Legionnaires" imprinted thereon and proceed to get sloppy drunk and vulgarly insulting to women.

There are those in our own ranks who use their membership—rightfully obtained in many instances—as passports to an easy living. Not easy, perhaps, as you and I look at things, but far better than honest work to them. They believe the sacred association implied in the word "comrade" or "buddy" is an open sesame to your interest and your pocketbook. But most of us are not deceived by their glib self-assurance and over-cordial camaraderie.

But why get serious? It's all part of the old army game. There's an engaging rascal living in San Francisco now who stole all but my shirt one time—and the only reason he left that was that I was sleeping in it—but I'm hanged if I have ever been able to get mad at him. He was such a likeable cuss.

The Reds, the Army, the Navy

(Continued from page 11)

Ever the suggestion is that the flag an American bluejacket ought to be fighting for is the red flag and not the Stars and Stripes. Meanwhile American student strikes against war and all extreme American pacifist movements are hailed as of good omen for the red cause.

"The answer is the same inside or outside the service. To better their conditions workers must organize and fight."

There is a reference to what is reputed to have been an order in France in the World War: "Save the mules and use the men. They are easier to get." So save the ships and use the men, is the order (says *Shipmates' Voice*) issued by our Navy Department.

And the Marines? We learn that one was courtmartialed for failing to be cheerful. The oppressed Marines, on bad food and under the whip of brutal discipline, which forces them to menial tasks, must keep smiling—or it's the jug for them.

There are cartoons and also funnies by the same artists who appear in red publications in the bookshops. In one cartoon Wall Street is pictured as the real boss of the American Navy, a huge,

hairy-chested, beetle-browed brute—coxswain of a whaleboat, lashing the men at the oars with a blacksnake. One funny shows two seamen manhandling a naval commander whom they have at their mercy in his swivel chair.

"Geez!" one says. "Wha' ja do to the old fossil, Lefty?"

"All I say," the other replies, "is no, sir, instead of aye, aye, sir. He passes out cold."

And among the wisecracks:

"Officer: Don't you know what we do with sailors who tell lies?"

"Gob: Yes, sir. When they get good enough you send them on recruit duty." A jingle reads:

"But should you be forced into service
As gangster for Wall Street, I say
Don't fight for their capitalist robbery
But fight for a U. S. S. A."

U. S. S. A. not being the United States of America, but the Union of Soviet States of America. That is, mutiny and raise the red flag, and it is suggested that if this is not practicable in peace you can be ready for it when war comes.

"Every real American hero is a revo-

lutionary hero. The American Legion, the red-baiters and the professional patriots are the heirs of the Tories and slave owners."

The *Shipmates' Voice* and other Communist leaflets are left on board ship on visitor days where sailors may pick them up. Ashore they are dropped on reading tables or writing desks of welfare organizations or other places sailors frequent.

And there is also the *Yard Voice*, which is openly issued by the Communist Party and the Young Communist League. Copies are thrown over the wall of the Brooklyn Navy Yard and distributed by girls at the gates. In the yard the Government is building cruisers and destroyers to expand our Navy to the treaty limit under the Roosevelt program. There are many civilians employed in the construction at prevailing maximum wages and minimum hours. So the red appeal of the *Yard Voice* is directed to them rather than to the service men. Here are some quotations:

"Funny, ain't it, that after all these years of Communist Propaganda around the yards, Mr. Swanson and other au-

thorities are just waking up to the fact that yard workmen can also be Communists?"

"You may fire one hundred Communists, but as long as conditions exist as they are . . . you'll have to fire all your workmen to root out Communism."

"Communist interests are the interests of the unions and the men in them. We stand for militant rank and file action."

Stalin is quoted as saying, "I think the moment is not far off when a revolutionary crisis will develop in America."

We learn that the full object of our Navy is an imperialist war in which we shall fight for Hitler, Mussolini, and apparently Japan, too, against Russia.

It is at San Pedro, where our fleet is concentrated, that the real drive is made to disaffect our sailors. The personal boring-in process seeks to place canny tacticians on board ships in the same way as in the Army. These are in touch with shore workers.

Two sailors on leave may be accosted by an agreeable stranger who falls into talk with them and then offers to buy them a drink. He says he knows they do not get much pay, and buys another round, and then another. He asks them if they would not like to come along with him to a little party where there will be some girls and dancing.

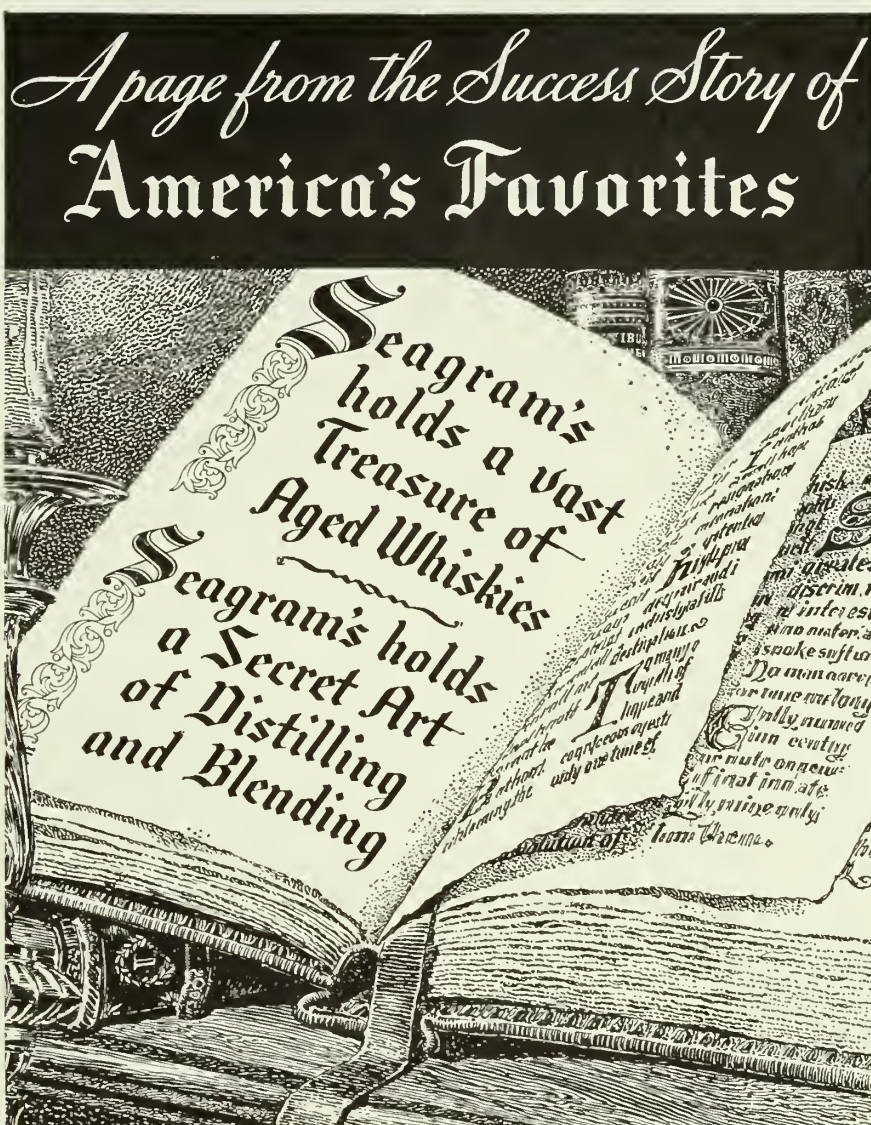
It is a pleasant party. Present are other sailors who had met an agreeable fellow who gave them drinks and an invitation. The hosts further sympathize with the hard life and poor pay of their guests from the Navy, and finally, if the guests prove sufficiently responsive, say something like this:

"Why don't you sailors get together and take over the ships and run them yourselves as the Russian sailors took over their ships and the Russian soldiers took over their army?"

In both the Army and the Navy our officers are pictured as snobs who are agents of imperialism to enslave the men and who get big pay and graft on the side. But in the Russian armed services, we are told, command is in a council, with everybody on the same footing and all getting big pay.

This harks back to the orgy of murder and loot in the chaos of the Russian revolution when mutinous soldiers' and sailors' committees had charge. Today all military observers agree that discipline is severe in the Russian services. There is no quarter for insubordination of any kind. Russian officers get much higher pay than the men, who receive about as much in a year as the American in a month. The red standing army at present consists of 1,300,000 men and their officers' school has a five-year term.

While you may read in American Communist propaganda that a man steps from high school or from behind the counter or the ranks of manual labor into a commission, the truth is that every Russian officer must go through a course of training in military (Continued on page 42)



Millions of gallons of rare whiskies . . . more than three generations of distilling and blending skill . . . Treasure and Tradition.

That is the happy combination that makes Seagram's Crown Whiskies "America's Favorites" . . . that gives "V.O." the distinctive taste that has made it America's fastest-selling bonded whiskey. The Seagram Treasure, the Seagram Tradition assure for years to come the continuing, unvarying quality of these finer whiskies.

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SEAGRAM'S "V.O."
Bottled in Bond under
Canadian Govern-
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6 years old. 90 proof.

SEAGRAM'S 7 CROWN
Matchlessly blended
the Seagram way. Full
90 proof, rich — yet
mild in taste.



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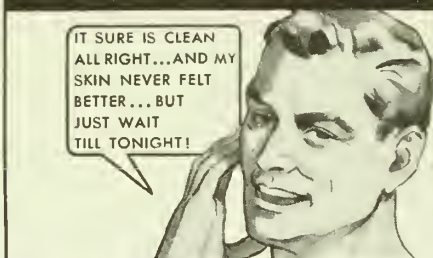
Seagram-Distillers Corp. — Executive Offices: New York

The Reds, the Army, the Navy

(Continued from page 41)



NEXT MORNING



BUBBLE PICTURES SHOW WHY!



BEFORE SHAVING
AFTER SHAVING

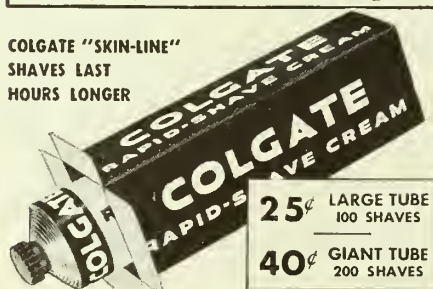
MOST LATHERS are made of bubbles too big to get to the base of the beard! Air pockets keep the soap film from reaching the whiskers. So the beard is only half-wilted.



BEFORE SHAVING
AFTER SHAVING

COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM makes tiny bubbles that get clear down to the skin-line. Its rich soap film soaks your beard soft at the base. Makes your shaves last longer.

COLGATE "SKIN-LINE"
SHAVES LAST
HOURS LONGER



schools as stiff as at Annapolis and West Point. Under our system any young man who excels his rivals in a competitive examination can enter West Point. Young John J. Pershing worked as a farmhand.

We do not have to look behind the news photographs which Russian censorship approves to get many realities. Before me is a likeness of a Russian officer on a prancing horse who looks an incarnation of militaristic aplomb and arrogance in the march past of rigid lines of infantry. How all our reds and pinks would resent such strutting if he were an American officer! And here is dictator Stalin, himself, in uniform on the reviewing stand. The nearest our President can come to a uniform as Commander-in-chief of our Army and Navy is to wear a silk hat.

Thus dictator Stalin of that utopian Russian democracy of pacifism has it all over the dictator of our cruel American imperialism. Moreover, Stalin has no boss over him and our President has the American people as his boss.

Russia is in truth a highly militarized country. A bayonet is behind every order issued in carrying out its government policies. No method is overlooked in blooding its armed forces with the fighting spirit. But that is all right to our home Communists, for the Russian army is their army, and all wrong in the United States, since our Army is a "foreign" Army.

Having by this time classified myself as a red-baiter and the press-agent of American tyranny, I turn to another piece of agitprop. It is *Reveille*, called "The Fighting Paper of the CCC," for secret distribution in CCC camps.

Veterans of the World War, because they had to accept something similar in routine in camp only a little harder, not to mention the drill—and this without strikes or mutiny—may not think that it is wicked persecution which requires the CCC boys to get up at a certain hour in the morning and report at a certain hour in the evening. However, it will not be for want of incitation if all the boys in the CCC camps do not strike before they are "poisoned by the stinking food."

It is high time they know that in the Russian paradise all workers, all soldiers, all sailors get up and go to bed when they please and stay AWOL as much as they please. Why mention that in Russia the whole population is regimented, that there is universal conscription of labor as well as of youth into an army which has a reserve of ten millions?

That might dim agitprop's sense of outrage over the merciless regimentation of the CCC camps. Aren't these camps under the Army? Don't their gang bosses include veterans of the World War and members of the Legion? To satisfy agit-

prop, they should be commanded by conscientious objectors and sectional chiefs of the American Communist Party who would begin drilling them at once for the red revolution under the red flag.

Here is the close of a letter from a supposed CCC boy as published in *Reveille*: "No more CCC for me, and I know whom I am going to shoot at in the next war."

And under its Kamp-Kut-Ups *Reveille* has a song to the tune of "Home on the Range," which has this pacific suggestion in relation to the oppressors who have the United States under their iron heel:

"Some preachers say still, 'Thou shalt not kill'—

Ain't it time we decided we should?"

The propaganda of *Reveille* singularly reproduces that of a pamphlet, *Shovels and Guns*, which mentions the publication of *Reveille*, with a first edition of 25,000, as of gratifying promise. It asserts that the Army captured the control of the CCC camps to make them breeding grounds of aggressive militarism. In fact, we are told again that all the camps are hell-holes, their subtle object to train cannon-fodder and to bring on another war.

The red publications frequently answer this question:

"If you dislike this country so much and like Russia so much, why don't you go to Russia?"

The reds protest that they love this country, which is their country, and they want to make it free. Theirs is the spirit of the forefathers of 1776. They would deliver us from our present oppression just as Washington's soldiers delivered us from that of King George III. Therefore, the Washington of our time is Earl Browder, chief of the American branch of the Communist International.

But the truth is that Russia does not want American Communists in Russia to stay, in spite of the room there is in that vast land. Undeveloped Russia fails to follow the American example of opening its arms to those who would escape foreign tyranny. The American Communists are too undisciplined, too used to free speech, to be welcome. Finland, for example, slips her Communists across the Russian border, where they are jailed. A canny country, Finland. Also, it pays its debts.

It occurs to me that, just as a little concession to fair play, American Communists might admit there is a little good in the American system and also that there is a censorship in Russia. However, Boss Stalin would not like that.

The *New York Times* classed itself as a red-baiting, imperialistic sheet when it told how two minstrels in Russia who drew from their guitars music "about the downfall of the Soviet Union" were shot as counter-revolutionaries. One Pir

Ishan, a Mohammedan, was being tried on a similar charge for asserting that "Allah is opposed to cotton growing on collective farms."

We shall have indeed forfeited freedom of speech and press in America when there is any interference with criticism of our own institutions or of public study of the Russian system. But trying secretly and subtly as well as openly to implant sedition in our armed forces is another matter.

By this I do not mean to imply that there is any cause for concern about their loyalty. More than one soldier or sailor, after drawing out a communist propagandist, has vented his contempt if he has not emphasized it by a sock in the jaw. But individuals of a certain type may be affected.

Our CCC boys in general cannot be responsive to the seditious appeal in word or print, if they hear or see it. But a susceptible, pliant youth may have his attitude toward life affected in a period of discouragement. He may be started on a false road instead of a useful career.

Just as it is established in law that an individual has the right to protect himself—answering blow with blow when he is struck and in violent action against a burglar entering his home—so it is established that a government has the right to protect itself. Just as local protection is in the police, national protection from enemies within and without is in our national armed forces.

Uruguay, one of the few South American governments which have recognized the Soviet Union, recently exercised the right by expelling the Soviet Minister on the ground that the Soviet legation was the center for seditious propaganda not only in Uruguay, but in neighboring countries which had not recognized the Soviet Union. The legation was charged with responsibility for the mutiny in the Brazilian army. The outbreak of this mutiny was hailed as a triumph by the American communist press without directly urging our soldiers and sailors to do likewise. At the cost of many lives the mutiny was suppressed.

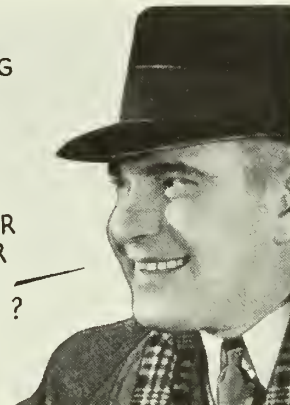
In time of peace our Army or Navy may employ espionage of no kind to meet the red problem by tracing red agitprop to its civil lair. There is no use of either service laying information before our Department of Justice. The G-men of its secret service have no authority to investigate communist activities. The only authority there is exists for the police under state or municipal laws, aside from the fact that directly seditious stuff may not be sent through the mails.

Aside from watchfulness in the ranks, the safeguard is the investigation of the character and associations of any candidate for enlistment. This is very thorough owing to the increasing skill and cunning of the reds with their boring process. Reds gather to boo and vilify groups of recruits who leave a recruiting depot for a post, (Continued on page 44)

Where to get a USED CAR WITH BONUS VALUE



WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT
USED CARS, BILL? I'M GOING
TO BUY ONE



I KNOW THE ANSWER
TO THAT - REMEMBER
THOSE DODGE CARS
WE DROVE OVERSEAS?



SURE! - I KNOW WE
COULD ALWAYS COUNT ON
DODGE DEPENDABILITY
IN THOSE DAYS!



YES - AND YOU CAN COUNT
ON THE DEPENDABILITY
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A NEW CAR OR A
USED CAR!



SAY - LET'S DROP IN ON THE
NEAREST DODGE DEALER
RIGHT NOW! I'LL BET HE'S
GOT ALL SORTS OF GOOD
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YOU CAN BANK ON
THAT - ALL MAKES AND
MODELS - AT JUST THE
PRICE YOU WANT TO
PAY! - REAL BARGAINS!

YOU'RE in the market for a used car? Want to know where to go? There's only one answer! See your Dodge dealer first! Here's why—for 22 years the words Dodge and "Dependability" have been synonymous. It was inevitable that Dodge should attract business men who know their finest asset is the steady patronage of the "buyer who comes back" because of honest merchandise, honestly priced.

No matter what kind of car you want—you can *depend* on your Dodge dealer. See him today. Values at \$50—\$150—\$300 or whatever you want to pay!

**ASK ABOUT THE OFFICIAL CHRYSLER MOTORS COMMERCIAL
CREDIT COMPANY TIME PAYMENT PLAN**

DODGE

DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

The Reds, the Army, the Navy

(Continued from page 43)

and that is all in the game, a matter for the local police to deal with.

If a few soldiers out of a company should turn mutinous the majority would deal with them swiftly in an infantry post. But there are other places and other conditions where, especially in war time, vital damage might be done.

For the Army it would be in the artillery and in ammunition depots. In the Navy a few men might cause disastrous damage. It takes no imagina-

tion to realize the effect of sabotage in the magazines or complicated machinery of a great battleship. There may be objection that the mention of this possibility advertises it. It certainly does not, considering the number of expert chemists and mechanics who may be touched by red fanaticism or be in alien pay.

In our oppressed America anyone may advocate the adoption of the soviet system through the ballot. He may advocate the scrapping of our battleships and

the reduction of our Navy to a coast guard cutter, the Army to a thousand men, and dismissing the National Guard, or paying the private ten times the wage of a general, or that the President of the United States shall always appear in public wearing a cocked hat fringed with bangles and a dress sword with streamers.

This is second in a series of articles by Frederick Palmer on radical activities in the United States.

Erin Go Bragh

(Continued from page 7)

this fact. "My people," Mr. McCune announced, stung to the quick, "were never Far Downs. They came from Galway. Back away from that periscope and let me look at your ugly face, you foul bog-trotter."

The German signalers had their hands up and were murmuring "Kamerad." To them their officer said in German: "Put your hands down and quit that mewing. You're in no danger from this fellow. He's a man of words, not deeds."

"For two cents I'd let you have it," McCune cried passionately.

His prisoner turned, looked his captor up and down humorously and smiled. He was a big man, with the wavy jet black hair, the reddish brown complexion, the blue black eyes, short nose and square chin that bespoke his origin. He spoke English perfectly, with only the very faintest burr; in fact, scarcely a burr but rather an accenting of certain words. Mr. McCune thought he had never heard a softer or more harmonious voice, or seen a more casually graceful man, when his prisoner bowed and said:

"Pardon me, sir, if I appear irrelevant, but you're quite a tall man. In the excitement of the moment you are standing erect and your head shows over the top of this sap. The light isn't anything to brag of, but there are snipers in the German trench who have had considerable experience shooting at heads wearing your sort of helmet."

"Thank you kindly," Mr. McCune murmured politely and ducked. There was a sharp "ping-gong" and a Mauser bullet ripped along the crown of his tin hat. "I have to thank you for my life," he added.

"In the circumstances, then, might I suggest that you be careful of my life and those of my men?"

"Right. I wouldn't spatter you except for wilful disobedience of orders in time of war. Furthermore, I apologize for

calling you a big Irish baboon and a foul bog-trotter."

"I accept the apology, on condition that you forgive my own incivility in calling you a monkey-faced Far Down. But that was before I looked. Be kind enough to ascribe my actions to nerves and irritation."

"We start from scratch," Mr. McCune assured him gallantly. "Would you regard me as unduly insistent if I suggest that you remove your belt with the Luger pistol in it and toss it over here to me? Also, if you would be good enough to order your men to remove their side-arms and lay them with yours."

"Nothing could be fairer or more sensible, under the circumstances."

His request having been complied with, Mr. McCune returned his grenade to the bag and loosened the flap on the holster of his .45 caliber revolver. His courteous prisoner kicked over an empty biscuit box. "Pray be seated," he urged, "and tell me who you are and how the devil you got here? As for myself, I am Terence P. O'Shaughnessey and, as you can see for yourself, I am an oberlieutenant in the German field artillery."

"I realized you were either a Mac or an O the moment I read your letter. I am First Lieutenant John Joseph McCune and when not socially engaged I command that trench mortar battery you've been trying to obliterate the past week. With the utmost respect I inform you that in my opinion you're a devil on wheels. As for how I got here, I crawled over, and it was a most unpleasant journey. Naturally, I had to return your call, but, unlike you, I chose a time when I felt certain I would find my prospective host at home."

"The next time you make that journey, Mr. McCune, make it on an empty stomach and tie a little sponge soaked with perfume over your nose. As I wrote you, you are too impulsive. You neglect important little details, and if

you keep that up you'll not comb gray hairs."

"Let us dispense with personalities, O'Shaughnessey," McCune protested, and immediately proceeded to indulge in them. "What in the hell are you, an Irishman, doing in the German army?"

"A damned good job—not that it's any of your business, McCune. What in the hell are you, an Irishman, doing in the British army? That is, your kind of Irish. The Anglo-Irish belong there, but the Celtic Irish—never."

"I'm not in the British army. I'm in the Army of the United States of America."

O'Shaughnessey's handsome face puckered with horror. "Good God, lad," he murmured, "I might have slain you. But how was I to know that the British had borrowed you?"

"They didn't. We relieved the British a week ago. Those are United States troops in the trenches yonder."

"Glory be to God," O'Shaughnessey almost moaned. "I never knew it. As God is my judge they never told me."

"You threw a shell into the base of the parado of that trench after you'd agreed not to," Mr. McCune reminded him severely.

"No fault of mine. A jackass of a gunner got the range wrong. I knew it the minute you tossed a trench mortar projectile into our trench. Our infantry commander called my battery commander up and gave him hell, so he in turn called me up and gave me hell."

"I only tossed one to let you know that two could play a dirty game."

"One was enough. You smeared eight men."

"I could have tossed more, but you didn't so I wouldn't. I had faith in you—after I'd returned your compliment! You're a scholar and a gentleman."

"I graduated from Trinity College and

took a post-graduate course at Heidelberg. When the war broke out I joined up. The English hanged my great-great grandfather to a tree and shot him full of holes—for treason. Treason, forsooth, and never an O'Shaughnessey in six hundred years that knew loyalty to the Crown. 'Twas the first chance I had to even the score so I—"

"I understand. I'm three generations removed so the old hate has died out in my clan, but still I do not like them myself. Their Colonial troops are grand fellows, but the men from the Tight Little Isle look down their noses at a Yank."

"Are there any of our own kind in your trenches yonder, McCune?"

"Only about three thousand. The 165th* Infantry—the old Sixty-Ninth New York, that was—the backbone of Meagher's brigade in the Civil War. What with casualty replacements they've had to take in a few Jews and wops and bohunks, but in the beginning a man had to be Irish or Irish-American to get into that regiment."

O'Shaughnessey hid his face in his hands and sounded off a small coronach. "Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear, oh dear. O-o-o-o dear, oh dear, oh dear—"

"This is no time for the coeneen, O'Shaughnessey. Get on your job, otherwise your battery commander will be telephoning the infantry commander yonder to send a man down here to see what's happened to you. But first, disconnect the wire from your field telephone and cut in this wire I dragged over with me. I desire speech with my telephone corporal."

O'Shaughnessey's men cut in the wire and, while Mr. McCune covered him with his .45 the man set the telephone at his feet and turned the bell crank before retiring. McCune picked up the receiver and heard Corporal Perkins answer.

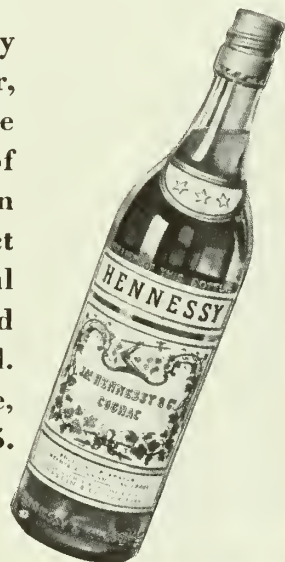
"Lieutenant McCune speaking, Perkins. I'm in the German O. P. and I've captured the lot. The German officer who conducts the fire of that pirate gun is going to take orders from me—or else. He will commence firing in two minutes, but instead of searching for the mortars his shells are going to fall in that belt of German wire and help us roll it up. If he double crosses me—I can't keep tab on his fire and him and his men at the same time—and starts reaching for the mortars, have the infantry major lay a little machine-gun fire down on the lip of this old sap and I'll know he's up to dirty work and act accordingly. That wire should be rolled up by five o'clock. I'll call you then and if the job's done I'll come right home—yes, my son, in broad daylight—with my prisoners. Tell the major to keep his men off me and my party. Goodbye."

He turned to Terence P. O'Shaughnessey. "You (Continued on page 46)



Time reveals a brandy's pedigree

As with a man, Time gives to a brandy mellowness and fullness of character, but birth and upbringing determine the character. It is because Hennessy is of flawless quality when first laid away in oaken casks that the matured product has that "clean" taste and delightful bouquet that make it the preferred after-dinner liqueur of the entire world. Distilled and bottled at Cognac, France, by JAS Hennessy & Co^y Established 1765.



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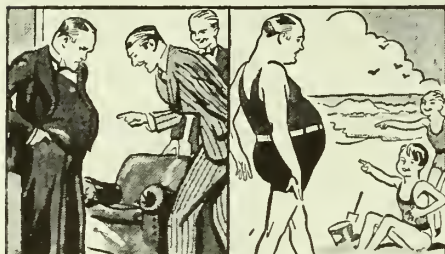
SOLE AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES:

Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY · IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

*Mr. Kyne knows that actually the 165th never relieved a British regiment. Author's license, however, permits it to do so for the purposes of the present story.

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... writes George Bailey



"I suddenly realized that I had become a fat man". The boys kidded me about my big "paunch".

In a bathing suit... I was immense. The day I heard some children laugh at me I decided to get Weil Belt.



What a change! I looked 3 inches slimmer at once and soon I had actually taken EIGHT INCHES off my waist... and 20 pounds off my weight!

I have a new feeling of energy and pep... work better, eat better, play better... I didn't realize how much I was missing!

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... or it won't cost you a penny!

BECAUSE we have done this for thousands of others... because *we know* we can do as much for you... we dare to make the unconditional offer outlined above!

The Massage-Like Action Does It

■ You will be completely comfortable and entirely unaware that its gentle pressure is working constantly while you walk, work or sit... its massage-like action persistently eliminating fat with every move you make!

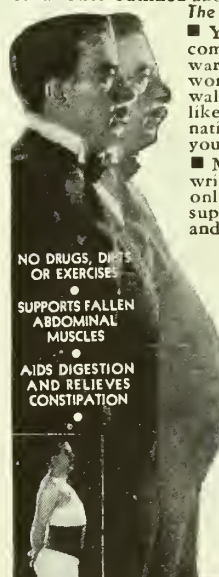
■ Many enthusiastic wearers write that the Weil Belt not only reduces fat but that it also supports the abdominal walls and keeps the digestive organs in place, that they are no longer fatigued... and that it greatly increases their endurance and vigor!

Greatly Improves Your Appearance

■ The Weil Reducing Belt will make you appear many inches slimmer at once, and in 10 short days your waistline will actually be 3 inches smaller... 3 inches of fat gone... or it won't cost you one cent!

Don't Wait... Fat Is Dangerous

■ Fat is not only unbecoming, but it also endangers your health. Insurance companies know the danger of fat accumulations. The best medical authorities warn against obesity, so don't wait any longer!



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Erin Go Bragh

(Continued from page 45)

heard what I said, O'Shaughnessey, but if your English is a bit stale after four years in the German army, I'll repeat my orders in German. I had a hack at Heidelberg myself. Fly at it, you mercurial son of a cock-eyed leprechaun, and remember that, while I'm peaceful by nature, I'm resolute as hell in an emergency. I'd hate to kill you, but I will if I must. Have a good American cigar, right out of our commissary," and he tossed one to O'Shaughnessey.

O'Shaughnessey caught it deftly. "Thanks," he murmured. "I've been smoking cigars made from cabbage leaves and cow-dung." He turned to one of his men and said in German: "Schultz, there's a bottle of old French cognac in my haversack. Open it and give the guest a drink. But take one yourself, first. He's a suspicious man and might think there's strychnine in it."

He cut Mr. McCune's wire out of the field telephone, cut his own in, called up his gun and gave his firing data. Then he turned a troubled face toward McCune. "We'll have a machine-gun fire on the lip of the sap," he announced.

"Since I can understand why, being a field artillery man myself, I can forgive you, O'Shaughnessey. Starting with a cold gun you have to lengthen your range, because a cold gun shoots short and, naturally, you do not wish your own shells to fall in the German trench. It is conceivable, therefore, that the first four may fall among my mortars or even in the American trench. However, four shots will warm the gun up and thereafter there will be no excuse for inaccuracy. I can understand somebody else being inaccurate but not you."

True to O'Shaughnessey's prophecy, a machine gun barrage came over promptly and held for half a minute, then ceased. O'Shaughnessey sighed: "God grant I haven't hit any of our own. For green troops your people are marvelously efficient."

He continued his fire and thereafter the machine gun fire ceased, so McCune knew O'Shaughnessey was keeping the faith. At 11:30 one of the signalers made a charcoal fire in the brazier and cooked up a mess of sausage soup. At twelve all hands had a shot from the cognac bottle and lunched on black bread and the soup and McCune gave O'Shaughnessey another cigar. To the enlisted men he distributed American cigarettes. Never, for an instant, however, did his watchfulness relax. Shortly thereafter O'Shaughnessey's battery commander called up to announce that the infantry commander in the German trench had telephoned him that O'Shaughnessey's shells were falling in the German wire instead of among the enemy trench mortars. To all which

O'Shaughnessey answered passionately: "The man's insane. What the hell does he know about it? He can't tell whether my shells are bursting there or the enemy trench mortar projectiles. If you think I do not know my job and am incapable of doing it well, send some other officer down here to conduct the fire. I'm sick of the job anyhow."

O'Shaughnessey hung up and grinned. "He's a mild little man, McCune, and not a very good field artilleryist. Used to be my professor of chemistry at Heidelberg. He has to trust me. The other officers in the battery are green as Ireland."

At 5 o'clock the trench mortars ceased firing. So did O'Shaughnessey. One of his men cut McCune's wire in on the field telephone and McCune held speech with Corporal Perkins, who announced that the job was done, and thank God for it, because he, McCune, had been double-crossed and for the past hour an entire battery of German guns had been shelling the position. Some of the shells had fallen in the wire, some of them had fallen among the trench mortars with six casualties and a dozen had knocked the sandbags off the American trench. Most of them had gone over it.

McCune explained the situation to O'Shaughnessey. "The professor, it seems," was O'Shaughnessey's reply, "is not, apparently, as stupid as I believed him to be. He kept getting complaints from the German infantry commander and decided to use the firing data for my gun on all the guns of the battery, without consulting me. And he lengthened out the range and began searching."

"Well, we'll give that complaining infantry commander something to think about," Mr. McCune replied sweetly, and immediately called Corporal Perkins again. "Are they still at it?" he demanded.

"You bet," Perkins wailed.

"Call up the artillery commander and say to him that Lieutenant McCune requests a five-minute barrage on the German trench in our sector."

"For God's sake, no," O'Shaughnessey yelled. "I'll call up my C. O. and tell him everything. I'll tell him to lay off his foul practice of firing without proper fire control or the enemy artillery will smear our infantry. By the Great Gun of Athlone, I'm sick of this killing."

"Lay off the barrage, Perkins," Mr. McCune ordered. "They're going to behave now."

O'Shaughnessey's men cut the battery wire in on the field telephone again and O'Shaughnessey talked to his battery commander and told him the sad tale of his capture, how he had been forced to fire into the wire instead of the trench

mortars; he stated that the wire had been rolled up, that his job was done and that any further German artillery fire in the sector would bring about terrific reprisals on the German trenches.

He turned to McCune, receiver in hand. "He's a reasonable man, McCune. He says he'll quit. Wait ten ticks."

After waiting ten ticks, Mr. McCune said dryly: "I hear he's quit. Well, tell him to telephone his infantry commander to send word all up and down his trench that your captor is going to walk you to the American trenches in broad daylight and that you must not be fired upon, because at the first shot I'll lay an egg on you and your men. Remind him that they'd have to put a bullet through my head; even with a bullet through my heart I'd still have time to smear you—and after that my people would wipe out what's left of you."

O'Shaughnessey submitted the ultimatum and hung up. "He agrees, McCune—and how that mild little man did curse me for a fool and a delinquent ass. My honor's gone." Then, with characteristic Celtic optimism, he shrugged and added: "T'ell with it all."

Mr. McCune waited ten minutes, then climbed up out of the sap and stood there another ten minutes. Nobody from either side fired at him, so he ordered O'Shaughnessey and his men to climb out and form in column of twos. He placed himself behind him, with a grenade in each hand, and away they went. As they climbed over the American trench and slid down into it, the artillery brigade commander clasped Mr. McCune in his arms.

"Son," he said, "I'm recommending you for a (Continued on page 48)"

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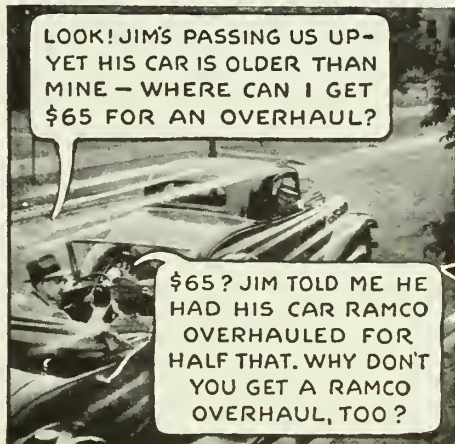
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Erin Go Bragh

(Continued from page 47)

captaincy and the Medal of Honor as well. I'll see to it that the French, British, Belgians, Italians and Portuguese hear about this, so they can hang hardware on you. You're guilty of conspicuous gallantry in action over and above the call of duty, if ever a man was."

Mr. McCune ignored the generous outburst. "A word with the general in private," he begged, and they moved down the trench. "See that German officer, sir," McCune whispered. "Well, he isn't German at all. He's a grand big Mick and his name is O'Shaughnessey. I do not wish him treated like a common prisoner—"

O'Shaughnessey strolled up to them, reached inside the belt of his trousers, under his tunic, and pulled out a small calibered, short-barreled automatic pistol. "Here's a souvenir for you, Mac," he announced, "in addition to the Luger you took from me." He saluted the brigade commander. "Your Mr. McCune, sir," he said, "is what we call in Ireland, a broth of a bhoys. He's magnificent. But, whilst reciting his military virtues, sir, I must recite his military deficiencies. He takes too much for granted. He forgets the great cardinal principle of war, to wit, that the

enemy must always be expected to act with discretion. After he took our arms from us he neglected to frisk us for concealed weapons. I could have killed him seven times with this after he'd captured us, had I felt so inclined." He jerked Mr. McCune's helmet off his head, threw it in the air and hit it four times before it splashed down into the trench.

"By Judas, he is a grand big Mick," said the brigade commander proudly. "I'd love to have the likes of him in my command."

"Permit me to introduce him, sir. General O'Grady, this is Ober-lieutenant Terence P. O'Shaughnessey, late of the German field artillery."

They shook hands. "Why didn't you kill Mr. McCune?" the general asked. "It was your plain duty to do so."

"Kill one of my own? Huh? Is it a savage you think I am, sir?"

General O'Grady scratched his ear. "That's right," he admitted. "Only a very dirty bird will foul his own nest. I wish it lay in my power to decorate you."

O'Shaughnessey's dark, handsome face lighted with mirth. "Faith," he said, "I have the power to decorate you, General," and he removed his Iron Cross, First

Class, and pinned it on the general.

"I thank you, Mr. O'Shaughnessey," said the general. "A detail will take your enlisted men to the rear and put them in the birdcage, where I think they'll be happier than they've been for a long time. At least they'll get plenty to eat and a few cigarettes. You, Mr. McCune, accompany me with Mr. O'Shaughnessey back to brigade headquarters. I pride myself on my brigade mess—and between drinks we'll figure out what to do with The O'Shaughnessey."

Mr. McCune had an idea. "I know what to do with him, sir. Parole him—take his word of honor as an officer and a gentleman he will behave himself and not engage in dirty work, and then send him down to the Intelligence School at Langres and make him professor of the German language."

"McCune, that idea is worthy of a young man of your initiative and resourcefulness. I'll telephone G. H. Q. Hennessey, the assistant chief of staff, was a classmate of mine at West Point. We chased Moros together in Mindanao. He'll arrange matters." He winked slyly. "God forbid," he said piously, "that we should go back on our own."

Toe Hold and Airplane Spin

(Continued from page 21)

be selected for one of the preliminary matches on that card. Both champs had plenty of supporters, and the event drew the biggest crowd of fans ever to see a wrestling match up to that time. Old Hack was trying to stage a return after three years' retirement, but all his grim courage and desperate efforts could not stave off defeat at Gotch's hands.

CHARLEY CUTLER, one of Gotch's earnest pupils, began winning his matches with persistent regularity. He was a huge combination of good wrestling sense and 230 pounds of brawn. When Gotch decided to retire along about 1912 he generously passed the championship over to Cutler.

But there was another rising star, out from a wheat farm in Nebraska. It was Joe Stecher, and he had been practising bursting sacks of wheat with the pressure of his legs. With little ado this boy Joe defeated such fellows as Doc Roller, Westergaard, Ordemann and Gus "Americus" Shoenlein. Cutler announced he would attend to this Stecher, and Lincoln, Nebraska, acted as host to the affair. Stecher got his legs around Charley and

squeezed him into submission in seventeen minutes.

In my anxiety to gain whatever meager recognition awaited a champion in America I almost begged for matches and sailed into them with a youthful relish. For several years I never lost a fall in the middleweight class. Some fans at Foraker, Oklahoma, heard about me, and decided I should be humbled by their local champ and marvel, Bob Williams. This boy Bob had beaten everybody who ventured out of the brush to tackle him. There was considerable money rattling around loose in the pockets of the sportsmen thereabouts, and Bob's admirers were willing to bet not only their money but their oil wells on this sure thing.

That was too good to lose. I agreed to wrestle their champ, betting even money. I scraped up \$10,000 and they covered it and called for more. They solemnly decided to charge one dollar admission to pay for the dingy hall and twenty-eight customers showed up for the grand match. A wagon-sheet over a layer of cottonseed hulls formed the mat.

Bob had some strength and a few side holds of merit, but he was far from being a wrestler. I pinned him in seven minutes, four seconds. And were the twenty-eight fans surprised? They began spreading an angry rumor that my opponent hadn't exerted himself. I can still assure them that he did his best.

All the glories of early wrestling may be found in my next bout, with Fred "Demon" Bartel, at Tulsa. The Demon hailed from Rochester, New York. The match, two best out of three falls, was arranged for the ball park. No platform—just a canvas spread over some sawdust for the ring. A typical Oklahoma wind was blowing that night, and sent waves of tumbleweed rolling over us as we wrestled. Sawdust whipped into our eyes and teeth. Under such inspiration I hurried the first fall through in eleven minutes. Bartel claimed he was hurt and wouldn't continue.

A gambler of some renown in western points undertook to arrange some bouts for me after that. He'd go into Wichita, for instance, get together the sportsmen who had been waiting for something to turn up, and inform them their moment

had arrived. Opportunity, he pointed out, was practically knocking the door down in the form of a wrestler who thought he was good. If they were interested, he'd bring this wrestler around.

They were interested, of course, if he was quite sure they could make some money out of it. When it came my cue to meet the native wise men, I'd appear dressed in overalls and other insignia of a rube. We usually arranged the meeting for outdoors, so I could keep my cap down over my cauliflowered ears. Thus a match would be set for the old race track, fairgrounds, or what have you, at which I'd give both my luckless opponent and his backers the shock of their lives.

WHEN the World Fair opened in San Francisco I signed up to give exhibition matches, and to take on all comers, bar none, as an entertainment feature. That meant I had to be ready for anybody of any size, weight, description or disposition. I came through undefeated. As I look back now upon those raw days I realize how I needed the training I had picked up in the far corners of the world and how much depended upon my knowledge of every type of leverage known to the mat. It is hard to make clear to the uninitiated just how important leverage is in wrestling. A hold is obtained on an arm, leg or head, for example. The purpose of the hold is to bring the opponent down and maneuver his shoulders to the mat. Pressure is applied in a hold, or twisting, or pulling, in such a way as to cause the opponent to yield, or else to suffer considerable pain.

Here came a splendidly built young fellow to have a try at me. His name was Chris Theophilis—Jim Londos, to you—and I had some difficulty throwing him. Chris was seventeen years old and weighed a hundred and sixty-eight pounds. I became interested. Here might be one of those rare finds, a wrestling diamond in the rough, needing only the polishing of training and experience.

I took Londos under my wing and started training him. He was strong, fast, well built, perfectly muscled. He had stamina, and—wonder of wonders—intelligence and quick thinking.

"Jim, you have the makings of a champion," I told him. I soon discovered that reaching the top of the wrestling pack was the very idea this Greek was carrying around in that Adonis-like head. For several years I was dean and coach in the University of Hard Knocks from which Londos was graduated with honors.

"Now, Jimmie, today we work on such-and-such a hold," I'd say, as we met on the mat of some obscure gymnasium wherever we happened to be. For hours we'd struggle, sweat and grunt, me giving him some bad moments and Jim taking it all as a part of the day's instruction. (Continued on page 50)



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CITY STATE

Toe Hold and Airplane Spin

(Continued from page 49)

We hit the trail together hither and yon over the country. We'd blow into a town, insert an ad in the newspaper, and await results. The ad was a challenge that we'd meet all comers, on certain terms. That usually smoked out the local champs, who'd come snorting and tearing to find out who might be the presumptive idiots who dared to wrestle them. When no wrestlers could be found, we'd challenge any ten of the biggest men in town to come on in, try their prowess at wrestling and at least put on some good entertainment. Usually the local blacksmith, remembering a few years back when he could throw any two men—at once—in town; the piano mover, who in sweet innocence thought brute strength would make him the hero of the hour; and the town bully, whose efforts at wrestling were so pitiful it was a shame to take the money, showed up. Each met the same fate from Jim or myself. I do not recall that we had any difficulty throwing any of these over-confident gentry. It was a good stunt.

Sometimes when the pickings were lean I'd go have an earnest talk with the football coach at the local college. He wanted to buy new uniforms for his team, let us say. All right, one of us would wrestle his boys, one by one, and throw each in a certain time. With proper ballyhoo and rousing of local pride the citizens would come in and pay to see the slaughter.

"Please be careful and don't cripple any of the boys," I'd admonish Jim.

We usually followed the strategy of lining up the boys with the biggest and toughest of the lot as the first victim. The others stood in the wings and watched with bulging eyes and perspiring brows while this biggest hero was given a sound lacing. That was sufficient to cause some of the smaller ones quietly but suddenly to disappear.

I am sorry to report that on these barnstorming tours our efforts to secure honest referees were all too often futile. The local boys would bet heavily on themselves, and the idea of keeping good money at home, along with any that might be added from arrogant strangers, is not at all new. When you pinned an opponent to the mat, the referee was likely to yell "Break!" and you had to do it all over again. It was a temptation to cripple your victim a little, so the match could end sometime.

Our efforts took us to Three Forks, Montana, where a strong man reigned as wrestling champ. He had never been defeated, and thought he never would be. Londos was matched with him, agreeing to throw him three times in an hour. The promoters shook their heads and felt sorry for Jim. It would just be too bad.

A certain shopkeeper seemed to be the one man in town everybody could trust, so he was made stakeholder, taking five percent for his services. His shop did a land-office business before the match. We called all money in sight—even terms.

Came the match, and Jim threw the hefty strong boy in seven minutes. That one fall was enough. The local marvel quit the contest cold. No provisions had been made for only one fall, so the honest stakeholder decided the Three Forks sportsmen didn't owe us anything—not even our own money! That town netted us what might gently be called a loss.

Londos was steadily accumulating the technique and experience that made him champion. Along in 1917 the big matchmakers began bidding for him. I decided he was ready for fast company and encouraged him to accept the promoters' offers.

WRESTLING began to get better recognition, to draw bigger gates, and to take in money enough to pay its promoters and athletes, with the period following the World War. Out of the camps in this country and overseas were pouring crowds of fine young fellows who had taken advantage of the training in boxing and wrestling the service afforded. I was in Camp Pike during the war days, doing my stuff as athletic director, and I can testify that wrestling picked up—at least temporarily—several score of promising mat men and several thousand wild-eyed fans in that one camp.

Any wrestling fan will tell you the sport has made vast progress since 1920 in at least three respects: Business management and proper regulation from within, sanction and control by official athletic commissions, and tremendously increased appreciation on the part of the fans.

For that matter, there have been some darn good wrestlers present themselves in the past decade and a half. Joe Stecher beat Earl Caddock for the heavyweight title in Madison Square Garden in 1920. Joe lost the next year to Stan Zbyszko. The Big Polander fell before Strangler Lewis in Wichita in 1924. Wayne Munn defeated Lewis, Zibby came back to trounce Munn, and then Stecher took Zibby. John Pesek swung into top form in 1926 and defeated Stecher in Los Angeles. Just samples of the big fellows who stalked across the wrestling horizon until Londos took the title from Dick Shikat in Philadelphia in 1930.

Then, don't forget the influence of the college boys. I confess we old wrestlers used to think of college men as being fit for some mild form of lawn tennis.

But that was before we learned the power of organized education. Don George, Gus Sonnenberg and Jim McMillen led the charge of flying tackles from the football fields of dear old Alma Mater. They began picking up their opponents and slamming them down on the mat at a spot marked X. Wrestling began to draw unheard of gates.

I left the contests on the mat for promoting and refereeing along in 1929. As a frequent official in the ring I have watched with interest an increased appreciation on the part of the fans for the holds and technique of the game. They understand something of those punishing headlocks of Strangler Lewis. (Some of them may have seen me lose to the

Strangler in 1927, when I was barging along in the latter years of my wrestling career, as result of that paralyzing hold!)

Yes, the fans know that Joe Stecher's scissors brought in leg wrestling, and that Paul Jones and Jim Browning are good at it. They study Everette Marshall's "airplane spin," Pesek's new twist on an arm hold, George Zaharias' or Dick Davis' court's nice new rough tactics. They are responsive to the specialties or any new wrinkles brought forth by Ray Steele, Rudy Dusek, Irish O'Mahoney and all the others. Whatever they may think of it, they know they'll see action in a grand old sport.

Let the bell sound and the match begin!

Country Doctor

(Continued from page 15)

knew also that he could not convince his people of it just by telling them. He said, "I figured I'd have to show the way. So Carrie and I bought a farm near town, and began stocking it slowly. I remember when I sent off for a prize Rhode Island Red rooster, and admitted I'd paid ten dollars for it, the story got around and everybody laughed; any one that paid more than a dollar for a rooster must be crazy! But they already knew that I was odd." When, however, he began to tell the women of the friers Carrie was raising, and the harvest of eggs she was gathering, they didn't laugh. It was much the same story when he acquired a pedigreed white-face bull, and a blooded boar. His calves and pigs outsold theirs two to one—and that was an argument they couldn't laugh off!

He never told a farmer he ought to do this or that, but helped him whenever he asked advice about how to breed better stuff.

Of course, he himself had to learn. He sent off to the State Agricultural College for bulletins, and read them on his rounds. He wrote for help to the United States Department of Agriculture, describing the land as well as he could. He was the first man in the county to practice crop rotation, or to use fertilizers recommended by experts. His was the first silo. He made some mistakes, and talked about them as freely as about his successes. For a long time, the country folks magnified his mistakes, told one another that as a farmer Whatley was a darn good doctor!

He began keeping books on his farm and stock—that is, Carrie did after they had worked out a system from information received from Washington. So, in time, he was able to show in exact figures just how much he made or lost on his crops and stock.

He started an orchard, and got a fine

stand of alfalfa in a twenty-acre field. He undertook a slow barn, outhouses, and chicken house building program, kept up the fences, and spent money on paint and whitewash. He said, "It got so that some of the farmers would drive out of their way to stop in, with their wives, and visit with Carrie, and go over the place with me if I was at home. We'd ask 'em to stay for supper, and the next time I had a meal with one of them I'd find some of my favorite dishes on the table . . .

"In the early spring," Whatley recalled with a reminiscent smack of the lips, "the country women send their kids to the low land near the creeks to root up wild onions; they're slender, delicate plants; chopped up, fried, and mixed with scrambled eggs, they're mighty good! I was crazy about 'em, and Carrie and I began to figure out other combinations of green things with eggs; and I'd pass along the recipe for anything we liked real well . . .

"You see how it worked?" Whatley paused to question.

"Say, Doc," Ross broke in, "I want you to come with me and some other fellows and have lunch tomorrow at Franchot's, in the village. They're cooking a wild boar for us, and God knows what else that'll be delectable; and we'll have champagne! . . . Of course, that's how the French got to be such good cooks—I mean the way you said, passing around what they found out by experimenting."

"Wild boar?" Whatley's eyes lighted. "Sure, I'll be glad to join you! It must be something like our razorbacks at home, mast fed. I'd like to find out how they prepare it. Can you speak French?"

"Oui, un peu; enough," Ross laughed, "to get 'em to show you. But—excuse me, Doc, go on."

"If you'll come (Continued on page 52)

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Country Doctor

(Continued from page 51)

out and visit me at Cobra about the middle of March I'll promise to have a big platter of what the Indians used to call 'wild eggs and onions'."

"I might at that!" Ross said . . .

To get back to the farm: Doc began to clear a patch of scrub timber, and replant; he figured that a sound walnut, hickory, or oak tree ought to be worth more to someone, some day, than a stunted hackberry, or soft maple, or knotty elm. He and Carrie had grand wood fires in winter while he was gradually reforesting the wood lot. For a long time, the farmers couldn't understand why he should want to chop down any tree just to plant another! But they talk to one another now about his grove of young hardwood, set out in rows and kept clear of underbrush and weeds; "Doc's wild orchard," they call it.

"Slow work, wasn't it!" Ross exclaimed.

"Yes, it was," Whatley said, "but I never thought of the years that passed except when something happened to call my attention to them. Dad died three years ago, and I could hardly realize that he had lived eighty years, and that I was fifty-five! My sisters, except Carrie, had married and were raising families. The old Indian Territory had passed away, and the State of Oklahoma had two million whites.

"When I was accepted for the Army, I had to think of Carrie. I couldn't leave her on the farm with Jenkins, the man

I'd brought in to help me twelve years ago—folks would talk. Then Carrie surprised me by saying she and Jenkins wanted to get married. I suppose I'd ought to have known about that, and said so, and Carrie said she never meant to marry while I needed her, but since I was going off to leave *her*—" Doc smiled around at us, recalling the happy solution.

"Did they stay on your farm?" Ross asked.

"Yes. It's to belong to them. Jenkins is a good man. I'll stay with them until I get through with these terracing experiments I spoke about, and then—

"But I may get interested in working out some other ideas. I'm no hand to look ahead, only I've got to keep busy!"

"I'll say you have kept busy!" Ross exclaimed.

We were silent for a time, then the young flyer asked, "Do you have any idea when you'll get to go home, Doc?"

"No. I reckon it'll be a long time; I'll have to wait my turn. Of course, that's why I'm writing letters."

"I wish—" but Ross did not go on. Instead, he rose, put out his hand to Whatley, and said, "Thanks, Doc, I'm glad I heard your story!" He turned to me, "Want to walk over to the Y?"

Outside, he gripped my arm hard, and said, "Fellow, I intend to try something, hope it works! I haven't told any of you, but I've got my travel order, booked for the good old *Leviathan's* next trip home;

and, boy, have I looked forward to seeing the folks, and my girl, again! But I'm going to ask my old man at G. H. Q. to put Doc Whatley in my place."

"Your father," I asked, "who is he?"

"Just one of Pershing's pet brigadier generals; he's helping at G. H. Q. to send the boys home . . . I'll try to get him on the telephone, give him my spiel; I may have to wangle the use of the Camp C. O.'s phone—want to wait for me here?"

We were in the Y hut, and I saw, at the farther end, Carol McComas and her little troupe of entertainers rehearsing for the evening show. "Sure, I'll wait," I said, and went on to listen to the lovely Carol's marvelous whistling.

An hour later, Ross and I walked back to our quarters. I asked, "What did you mean to tell Doc after he'd spilled his story?"

"Oh, I forgot; this other idea got into my head as he talked and crowded it out. Did you ever read Balzac's story called 'A Country Doctor'?"

"No, but I certainly will now."

"Yeh, do. You'll like it. That's what I meant to ask him; but, of course, he's never heard of it . . . By the way, my old man said he could fix it; Doc Whatley will be ordered to Brest day after tomorrow—and don't you ever say anything, fellow! . . . Say," Ross laughed in a way to make one forget the weather, "we'll make that wild boar feast a party tomorrow! What I mean, a proper farewell party for old Doc!"

You vs. Crime

(Continued from page 9)

baby is this particular Jumbo anyhow?

Laymen ordinarily think about crime and punishment as primarily a lawyer's problem. Enough has already been said to show that this is much too narrow a view of the matter. Just a little analysis will show that lawyers, in their professional capacity, have to do with only one part of the general subject. There are other parts probably more important where other people with other professional knowledge and skill have more to contribute than the lawyers. The most important parts of all are the concern of the whole body of citizens and not any one professional group.

It is not hard to isolate the part that has to do strictly with law and lawyers. Except for the minor function of furnishing a warrant for arrest, the legal machinery starts working after a man has been apprehended, and only then. The prisoner's progress from the first presentation in a magistrate's court to his final

incarceration or discharge is the lawyer's side of the elephant. For the proper handling of this legal machinery the public may readily expect the lawyers to be largely responsible. It may blame lawyers and judges if legal procedure is unduly slow, if it provides too many loopholes for the guilty to escape, if trials are turned into circuses instead of dignified and sober proceedings. The public can blame lawyers if shysters or "lawyer criminals" are permitted to defeat the purpose of the law. But the public may not blame the lawyers if at the conclusion of a trial a jury lets a prisoner off when public sentiment demands his conviction. In that part of the legal machinery laymen, represented by the jury, have final authority and responsibility. You will note that the miserable questions will not stay simple and direct, even in this small subdivision of the whole field.

There is a great deal which can be said

in criticism of the lawyer's part of the business of preventing and punishing crime. Chief Justice Taft publicly called the administration of the criminal law in America a disgrace. The defects, real and supposed, have been so well publicized that their recital is not news, hence no need to particularize again. It may be admitted that on the debit side the account is a heavy one.

On the credit side, however, there is something to be written down, too. A great deal of good work is being done which will eventually result in improvement. The American Law Institute, for instance, has drafted a Model Code of Criminal Procedure, and parts of that Code have been adopted in many States. In other States many of the best features of the code are already on the statute books. State commissions in many places have given thoughtful attention to reforms in both substantive criminal law and matters of criminal procedure.

Representatives from more than forty States have just established an Interstate Commission on Crime which will work in co-operation with a group of men from the faculties of our law schools. Their object is reciprocal legislation or interstate compacts to cover the problems which arise because gentlemen engaged in law-breaking activities find it convenient to move back and forth across the lines which make up the checker board of these United States, turning efforts for their apprehension into something like the childhood game of prisoner's base. Bar association committees are constantly active to eject from the ranks of the legal profession members who have misconducted themselves in defense of criminals. All these things are good, but there is a great deal more to do. The most that can be said is that the subject is one which is alive and receives constant attention from that large portion of the lawyers who feel a sense of professional responsibility about it.

But even if everything about crime which is a lawyer's responsibility was perfect in plan and worked with the maximum of efficiency possible in any man-run enterprise, the most important of the difficult problems would still be untouched. One of these is the question of the kind of conduct for which you want to provide penalties. It is certainly clear that if you pass a law making an act a crime whenever someone does something of which you disapprove, you cannot possibly hope to have anything like strict law observance by all of the community all of the time. If the police force is spending all of its efforts in punishing violators of the motor-vehicle law, or catching vendors of slot machines or lottery tickets, it has less attention to give to bank robbers and burglars.

Rules we must have in a civilization as complex as ours. People who talk abstractly of "liberty" sometimes give us to believe that regulation by public authority is only to provide activities for politicians who want to keep themselves in power. That is another explanation which is too easy to be right. Just compare society with a game and the point is clearer. If the game is the simple form of tag, few rules are necessary. Move the sport up to football, and you have a whole book full of them. Maybe tag is a better game than football. Maybe Robinson Crusoe's island was a better place to live than twentieth-century America. Whether yes or no, we don't happen to be Robinson Crusoe and can't even take the daily trip between home and place of business without encountering a great deal of regulation, legal and social, to make our lives adjust to other people. How far do we want to carry such regulation through criminal punishment as a penalty for violation? Responsibility for this question does not rest upon lawyers; it is a matter of general public policy with which everyone is concerned. The lawyer should have a

voice in it. He can help put the policy to work after it is formulated. But he has no divine revelation, just because he is a lawyer, which tells him the wise answer to this wide question of policy.

Then there is the question of the test for responsibility for acts done. Courts have formulated certain rules about the subject. They had to, for they were confronted with the cases before there was any body of psychiatric knowledge to rely upon. They said, for instance, that a child under seven was not to be held responsible for crime. When it came to the problem of mental disease they floundered badly. Why shouldn't they? No one knew much of anything about it—even today the psychiatrist will be the first to tell you how little he has yet learned. This is one of the many places where you cannot get the right rule of law until you can base it upon established fact; hear the facts about the working of the human brain. The lawyer's knowledge of contingent remainders, the doctrine of last clear chance, the rights of a holder in due course, or the provisions of the Securities Exchange Act won't help here. Nor will his experience as advocate in prosecuting or defending criminal cases. The facts must come from other fields of learning. The lawyer can then help put the facts to work.

Another non-legal phase of crime is that of finding the guilty person after a crime has been committed. This is a fascinating subject and provides an immense amount of current reading matter for those who like detective fiction. It also provides good reading matter for those who like to read of accomplishments in scientific work, for almost any quarterly list of new books will contain volumes on this subject just as interesting as any piece of detective fiction. While it did not make a whole book but only a magazine article, the kind of thing I mean is the description of the patient and ingenious piece of investigation of the wood ladder in the Hauptmann case.

Then this whole question of catching criminals reaches over into the field of police administration, and that, in turn, reaches over into the field of politics in the modern American city. Once you land in that morass it takes more than a Philadelphia lawyer to get you out. It can be safely said that the modern police and detective force does much better than many people give it credit for. If it could be left alone to do its technical job in its own way it would show a surprisingly high degree of competence.

A very important non-legal problem is the question of what to do with a man after he has been found guilty of a crime. The judges have to face that problem when they impose sentence. Parole boards have to face it when they have the question whether a man sentenced to jail shall be let out on parole. It is not a question of (Continued on page 54)



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You vs. Crime

(Continued from page 53)

law. It is a question of much wider public policy. We have enough information to know that our prisons are full of repeaters, men and women who have been sentenced for one offense and are soon back, after being discharged, because they have committed another. We know that life in prison is a pretty thorough and efficient training school for teaching a relatively innocent youngster all the tricks in the trade of hardened criminals. We know that our prisons are unsanitary and overcrowded and unwholesome for both mind and body. One need not be a sentimentalist to wish we could find some more intelligent as well as some more humane way to deal with those who have committed an offense against society.

Scientists can tell us at least some cases when an individual is a congenital criminal and who, if confined for a given term, will soon be on our hands again after having committed further offenses. That kind of man truly ought never be turned loose once he is caught. Indeed, if we find that kind of man, and catch him before he kills somebody, is there any reason why we should wait until the killing occurs before we put him out of the way of doing other people harm? It seems pretty clear that for such people there should be no period of freedom between offenses. Permanent retirement from society is absolutely necessary.

With regard to other offenders it certainly is not too much to ask that we find a way to treat them after conviction so that they won't come out of jail more dangerous to the rest of us than when they went in. That is much easier to say than to do. If the only group we had to deal with were gunmen of the type

Mr. Hoover describes, we could get a practical solution by removing them from society either by execution or permanent confinement. That solution would not take account of the factors which made a John Dillinger. It would simply say of him and his kind: "Whatever has made you what you are, you are too dangerous ever to turn loose." But the Dillingers, as already indicated, are only a small part of the human stream which flows past the judge in the criminal court. Where and how to direct the stream is a terribly hard question, and for its solution neither hard boiled invective nor sloppy sentimentality is helpful. Nor is a profound knowledge of the existing law, civil or criminal.

Finally, and perhaps most important of all, is the social question of helping create the kind of environment which will not make criminals. Some people are probably born with inherent qualities which make them anti-social. Various estimates are made as to the percentage of the offenders in this class. I have seen it estimated at a fourth of the total.

Regardless of the exact figure we can take it that there are some people who probably never can fit into an ordered society. But a lot of others get into criminal activities because they don't have useful ways to direct their efforts. There are enough instances of the good effect of a well organized boys' club in a neighborhood to show the salutary effect which the activities of that club have had on the crime rate. We may be sure that money spent in the promotion of enterprises of this kind is a mighty good investment for the public to make.

Now we have jumped clear away from

law and into the whole field of social science. We have, in fact, jumped even further, for the end of our thought is that if you can start the human being in a decent environment, give him adequate food, clothing and shelter, provide a wholesome outlet for his activity in his growing years, then, unless he is accidentally born a "second" he will probably be a useful, law abiding citizen and not a criminal. If you are honest with yourself, your thought about this thing will land you just there. Now you are far past the technique of a profession, lawyers' or any other; you are past a simple problem of the front page kidnapper; you are in that age old quest for making this a world where everyone may have, if not the luxuries, the decencies of life. When you get that you've got something big enough to pick up the problem of crime in its stride.

Obviously, this discussion hasn't purported to say all that there is to be said on any one of these points. It could not. Any one of them is a subject of volumes and many volumes have already been written. I hope I have proved that when we think about crime we should not think of it as a technical question of law or lawyers or even the police. I hope it is clear, too, that we should back away from any doctrinaire who says he has one formula that will solve the whole problem. Probably we shall never solve it; at least the experience of mankind thus far gives little promise of so doing. But to go back to our elephant again, our inability to understand the full nature of his elephantine structure need not prevent our making our best efforts to understand and improve the separate portions thereof.

Sheriff Colt and Judge Lynch

(Continued from page 27)

of, Curly Bill was a handsome fellow and dressed as well as he could afford.

One morning an orderly asked me to report to headquarters and I was ushered into the presence of General Crook himself. Some more mules had been taken that night, under the nose of the guard. The general asked me to bring them in. I selected for my party Bill Riley, a packer with whom I had served off and on for ten years, and Rowdy and John Daisy, Tonto Apaches from the scout company that was being recruited by Captain Emmet Crawford.

About sundown we left the post. Riley and I were mounted, Riley leading a pack mule as a blind. John Daisy and Rowdy traveled on foot as scouts

always did. Following the wagon road north toward Bowie Station for about four miles we halted to "cut sign." Rowdy trotted out to the right of the road, John Daisy to the left. When about a quarter of a mile away Rowdy raised his hand and sat down, indicating that he had found the trail.

This showed the tracks of five mules led by three ponies, heading in a northwesterly direction for the Stein's Peak Range. The moon was full, enabling us to follow the trail at a trot. Crossing the railroad well out of sight of Bowie Station it made straight for the range. As I judged by their trail we were traveling about twice as fast as our quarry.

Descending the yonder slope of the

range, the trail pointed down the valley in the direction of Richmond Crossing of the Gila. A small trading post stood on our side of the crossing. When daybreak came on I figured that we were less than twelve hours behind the rustlers.

The remains of the camp were found, well concealed by boulders, about two miles short of the crossing. We pushed on without rest, knowing that the rustlers could not be more than an hour ahead of us unless they had started before dawn. Knowing they would halt at the store near the crossing I intended to try to surprise them there.

The Indians returned from a reconnaissance with word that five mules and three ponies were tied to the snubbing

rail in front of the store. Making our saddle mules and the pack mule fast, Riley and I crept up to where we could get a view of the store and formed our plan. The scouts and I would circle around, get in the rear of the store and crawl up to where we could cover the front door with our rifles. Riley, whom Curly Bill did not know, was to saunter up the middle of the road. The rustlers would be bound to see him and come out to investigate. As they stepped from the door the scouts and I would have our guns on them.

With his rifle slung at a careless angle Riley came up the road whistling "The Texas Rangers." As he approached the store a figure appeared in the doorway.

"Howdy, old timer. Where from?"

"Outfit camped up beyond the crossing," answered Riley. "Pardner, any bug-juice in this she-bang?"

"Kill at a hundred yards," observed the horse thief, giving a critical estimate of the potentialities of the whiskey. "What outfit is that camped up there?"

"Cavalry troop and a pack train," said Riley.

The man turned to address someone inside the store. In another moment Curly Bill and his remaining companion stepped briskly outside.

"Put up your hands!" I yelled.

Riley lifted the outlaws' pistols from their holsters and tossed them over near my feet. Then he unbuckled the prisoners' cartridge belts and carried guns and ammunition to where the rustlers' horses were tied and hung them from the saddle horns.

"Reckon you boys want them mules," one of the rustlers said, addressing me.

Curly Bill did not say anything and I did not say anything; but we never took our eyes off each other. I knew what he was thinking and I think he knew what I was thinking. I had half expected him to make a break when Riley went up to disarm him, but he didn't. I gave him credit for having sense enough to figure that a better chance for life would be to try to talk me out of hanging him.

I did not intend to be talked out of it. I had never hanged or helped to hang a man, and this from no lack of opportunity. But my word was out to hang Curly Bill and in that part of the country a man kept his word or he was done for.

A big tree grew on the river bank by the crossing, about a quarter of a mile from the store. After sending an Indian to get a lasso from one of the rustlers' saddles I placed the outlaws in front and the march along the dusty road began. Soon, about a half mile away, we saw a party of five or six horsemen coming.

I had the outlaws tied hand and foot, after which the rest of us made our preparations to receive visitors, hostile or friendly as the case might be.

They were friendly, the leader being a ranch owner near Silver City, New Mexico, whom I knew by sight. Intro-

ducing myself I described the nature of our business.

"By the great horned toad!" exclaimed the ranchman as he laid eyes on Curly Bill and his men. "Daly, you've saved me a sight of trouble. Those are the boys we're after. Where shall we string 'em up?"

"I was fixing to string Curly Bill to that tree by the crossing," said I, "and then turn the other two loose to hoof it back to Deming and tell — what happened." The man mentioned was a saloon and dance hall proprietor in Deming, New Mexico, whom I suspected of being a silent partner of the thieves.

With considerable warmth the ranchman said that wouldn't do; that by God he'd started out to get these sons of guns and now that he had them he'd see that justice was done all three.

"Pardon me, sir," I interrupted, "but these men are my prisoners. I told you what I was going to do to Bill because he deserves hanging and my word is out. But I never saw these other fellows before. If you had caught them what you did would be your affair, but I caught them and I'll take them back to Bowie before I turn them over to you to hang."

The rancher did not see it that way and we had considerable of a wrangle. Finally he said:

"Daly, I'll agree to this. You turn Bill over to me and keep the others. Take them to Bowie or any place else. But since you feel so tender toward them advise them to get out of this part of the country, for if I ever see them again this side of hell I'll shoot first and explain afterwards."

After some more talk I said I would accept the proposition, but I was going to turn Bill's two friends loose where they were, unarmed and on foot. I knew the ranchman would not kill an unarmed man, even a horse thief.

When we cut the ropes those rustlers jumped up and lit out down the road like jack rabbits.

"Now, Daly," said the cattle man, "let's bring this other one down to the river and get it over with."

"Mr. ———," said I, looking at his followers, "you seem well fixed for help. I have five mules to take back to Bowie and think I'd better hit the trail before the sun gets any higher."

From time to time up to his death in September, 1931, at the age of 81 Major Henry W. Daly, Legionnaire and veteran of numerous campaigns against the Indians, and of the Spanish-American and World Wars, dipped into the rich storehouse of his experiences to write for the Monthly chronicles of his adventures which were widely quoted. Marquis James has taken from the diary left by Major Daly material for the foregoing article, and for a second, touching on the romantic days of the Southwest after the Civil War, which will appear in a forthcoming issue. Maj. Daly's Legion membership was in Jasper Post, Washington, D. C.

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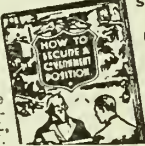
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Frontier Asthma Co., 201-A Frontier Bldg., 462 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Their Big Moments

(Continued from page 19)

\$10 Prize SHE SAVED HIS LIFE

ALTHOUGH this occurred some thirty-odd years ago, when I was seven years of age, it is as vivid to me as though it were yesterday.

We were attending a rural school a quarter of a mile from a railroad track. We would go down there during the noon hour to gather wild flowers. At that time there were so many beautiful tiger-lilies, blue bells and many others, my brother, nine years old, tried to cross the cattle guard but his foot caught. We all, about thirty of us, worked frantically to release him as we knew the train was about due; our teacher was ringing the school bell but no one left. The train came whistling for us to move on; it looked so big and was getting bigger and bigger. Imagine our horrible thoughts—it seemed his life would be only a minute more. I clung to him and closed my eyes; at that moment, Agnes Gardner, a beautiful little girl with long curls, unlaced his high top shoes and released him, just in time as the big train whizzed by.

If this is published, I hope it may be the means of locating Agnes Gardner, to whom we owe his life.—MRS. LILLIAN COYOUR, Fairmont, Minnesota.

\$10 Prize HE REMEMBERED

I REMEMBER as though it were yesterday when *The Stars and Stripes* inspired the A. E. F. to go down in its "jeans" and adopt 12,000 French children who were orphaned, whose parents were too crippled to care for them, or refugees from the invaded districts.

With uncertain tomorrow ever before me, it was a great thrill to have 500 francs to lay quietly "on the line" to give some kid a year's new start in a war-torn country, and a bigger kick to receive from the Red Cross a postcard showing a quaintly dressed boy, named Gaston Yavelot, with wide, staring eyes of tragedy silently thanking me for adopting him.

But the thrill faded with the stark realities of war; grateful, boyish letters grew rare, then ceased entirely with the days of homecoming.

Came September, 1927 . . . Paris again . . . Memories rushing back . . . Drinking a toast to each reawakened recollection at the rail of Harry's Bar with a group of hilarious Legionnaires I heard at my elbow a voice in halting English inquiring, "Please, where may I find the New York Legion? I am coming many miles to see my father!"

There was an exchange of typical doughboy humor, but someone finally said, "Wait a minute, you birds! Give

the kid a chance! What's his dad's name, and where's he from?"

The youngster completed my second pilgrimage, and gave me my big moment when he replied, "I am Gaston Yavelot, a French war orphan. I was adopted by Corporal Frank E. Crippen!"—FRANK E. CRIPPEN, Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

\$10 Prize CASUALS OF THE STORM

WHILE a member of the F. E. R. A. Camp 3, Lower Matecumbe, I was in charge of the canteen. It had been raining for the last two days and on the second of September, 1935, I was told to close the canteen on account of the hurricane coming our way from the Gulf of Mexico and also to get ready for the train that was to take us out of the storm area, at 5:30 P.M. The train never came. Our shacks were being blown all over the key. Our first sergeant, Paul Pugh, told us to try and make the tank car that was on the siding of the railroad. I was one of the lucky ones to make it. I was hanging on for dear life. Not long after I was hit by the tidal wave, which carried me about 200 feet, half of the time in the water and the rest in the air; as the wind was traveling at the rate of 150 miles per hour I was stunned for a time. The next I knew I was caught between two branches of a tree. It being so dark, I didn't know where I was but my biggest moment was at daybreak. After being in the tree all night I was able to look down and see old terra firma once again. The heartbreaks were to see my buddies lying all around the woods dead.—HARRY CUSHMAN, Mountain Home Hospital, Tennessee.

\$10 Prize CLEAN SWEEP FOR OLD GLORY

AT STOCKHOLM, Sweden, in 1912 the Olympic Games were being contested. Flags and pennants of many nations were flying gaily over the stadium. As over two score nations were competing just a few Old Glories were to be seen.

After each contest the flag of the winning country was placed on a tall pole at the end of the stadium, and those of the nations getting second and third on smaller ones to the right and left of the winner. Quite often an American flag was on the center pole or to the right or left. This, of course, brought prolonged cheers from our group. Still, one glance was enough to show we were far from home with foreign flags on both sides. And even in those days the competition for top world honors in track and field events was so keen that any event might see three foreign flags on the poles of honor.

The 100-meter dash was being contested through the preliminary, semi-finals and then the final for world honors. This is a race where inches often decide champions, and in which there are so many, especially throughout the English-speaking world, who have done 10 seconds or better for the 100 yards (about nine yards short of the Olympics 100 meters). But to have reached such a fast pace on one day and to do it again in a big contest is always another matter. So there was a tenseness and uncertainty as the men went to their marks. We hoped and expected to get one and maybe two flags on the honor poles. But when the final dash was decided there were three American flags on the three poles! Our athletes had placed one, two, three! What a thrill! It was just like being back home to see the Stars and Stripes and no other flags in that place.—CLARENCE H. DEMAR, *Keene, New Hampshire.*

\$10 Prize
THE COUNT OF THREE

THROUGH the kindness of a young engineer that we had met many times when we served as call boys on the Great Northern, another youngster and myself were able to ride in the cab of an east bound freight one bitter cold night in November. It was 1915 and we had become pretty sick of riding the rods and were homeward bound. The fast west bound freight was overdue, and at the next station the fireman caught the orders on the fly which read "Make Minot ahead of 27."

The engine was one of the ancient 1100 type and about the roughest thing on wheels. Coming down what is known as Tioga hill the old wreck went completely out of control. We were going down the hill like a streak, with the engine rocking from side to side, when suddenly ahead of us loomed a bright headlight. The engineer thought sure that the orders had been jumbled and that we were running head on into number 27. He ordered the fireman down on the left side steps and us on the right side steps and when he counted three we were to jump.

Not to jump meant certain death and to jump meant broken bones and possibly death. The engineer was going to stick with his engine. The man was like mad. He started counting and just as he counted two the lights of the other engine went out and we tore on by. Instead of number 27 it was a freight that the dispatcher had failed to mention in his orders. When one train takes siding and is in the clear it turns out its headlight, and the west bound engineer had been slow in doing this.

This is something that I will never forget, the feeling that I had waiting for the engineer to count three, and the great relief when the lights went out, and we passed safely by.—WALTER J. IRVING, *Mason City, Iowa.*

\$10 Prize
A LAMP WITH A HISTORY

WHEN I was with the Army of Occupation I picked up two one-pound shells, one shrapnel, the other an anti-tank shell, apparently solid. I removed the powder from the cartridges, unscrewed the detonator from the shrapnel and poured out the powder. When I returned to civilian life I made a table lamp out of the shrapnel shell, intending at a later date to do likewise with the anti-tank shell.

A few days ago I decided to carry out my plans. I ground off the nose of the projectile and tried to drill the hole for the socket and cord; it was steel and case hardened. I set the projectile on a can and played a blow torch on it to soften it so it could be drilled, and went about my work. There were two other men in the room at the time. I was at the emery wheel sharpening a drill for making the hole, the second was at my side repairing some clearance lights, the third at the cash register.

All at once there was a terrific explosion. There was a hidden detonator in the projectile. The heat softened the steel, allowing it to expand enough to release the bottom, which tore the can it was resting on all to pieces, making a large dent in the sheet-iron top of the bench. The top went through the ceiling and out through the roof, landing about fifty yards away.

Aside from a scratch made by the blow torch landing on the leg of the man working on his clearance lights no one was hurt. I might also add, the lamp was completed.—GILBERT G. MARTENSON, *Las Animas, Colorado.*

\$10 Prize
A SUCCESS STORY

I WAS Supply Officer of the Third Trench Mortar Battalion, stationed at Montigny-les-Cherlieu during the fall of 1918. I needed a cobbler to repair the battalion hobnails. The only man available for the job was Dwight A. Sloane, private first class.

I called Sloane in and said, "Sloane, you are the cobbler for the Third Trench Mortar Battalion." I knew that he hated me for it but, being a good soldier, he tackled the job and soon was the best cobbler in the A. E. F.

When the war was over and Sloane returned to Muskogee, Oklahoma, to claim his old job and the girl that he had left behind, you can imagine his surprise when he found that another man had his job and some other fellow his girl.

Out of a job, Sloane decided to journey to Oxford, Ohio, to pay his father and mother a visit. Walking down High Street one morning he saw a sign in a window, "Shoe Shop For Sale." He went inside and purchased the business. In a few short years he had made a financial success of the (Continued on page 59)

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Conducted by Dan Sowers



THE teacher of a class of small boys in Sunday school was also the village doctor.

"Winsor, will you tell me what we must first do in order that

we may go to Heaven?" he asked one of the class.

"We got to die."

"Yes," said the doctor. "But what must we do before we die?"

"Get sick," replied Winsor, "and send for you, sir."

HERE'S one that seems to be in wide circulation again, having reached this department from three different sources.

The town Shylock lost his purse with quite a sum of money. It was found by an honest man, who advertised for the loser. In time, the advertisement was answered, and the finder being satisfied that it belonged to the usurer, cheerfully returned it to him. The contents of the purse were counted several times to the disgust of the finder.

"Isn't it all there?" he indignantly asked.

"Yes, but you should remember—you had it over a month."

AND now comes Past Department Commander Herb Blizzard of New Jersey with one about a company of colored recruits who had received an announcement they would be drilled on the morrow on how to attack a fortification.

When the company had been dismissed, a big, awkward private approached the corporal in charge of his squad and asked:

"What am a fortification?"

The corporal seemed to swell with contempt at such ignorance.

"Don't you know no 'rithmetic at all? Everybody knows dat a fortification ain't nuthin' more'n two twentifications."



THE merry old knight of the road stood at the kitchen door with his battered hat in his hand.

"Come in," said the kind-hearted lady, "and

I'll give you some food."

In a few minutes the tramp was up to his elbows in a hefty meal. As he ate, the old lady remarked:

"I suppose your life has been full of trials."

"Yessum," he sighed. "And the worst of it is that I was always convicted."

COMRADE EARL H. CROMAS, of Redlands, California, sends us a yarn about political prejudices. During a campaign two pillars of the same church, but of opposite political faiths, were attending a prayer-meeting.

"O Lord," prayed the Demublican, "I ask Thee that the Demublicans may hang together—"

"Amen!" intoned the Repocrat.

"But not, O Lord," continued the Demublican, "in the sense my Repocratic brother has in mind, but in the sense of concord and accord."

"Any cord will do, Lord!" ejaculated the Repocrat. "Any cord will do!"

COMRADE WILLIAM NUGENT of the old 69th Infantry tells of the death of a wealthy philanthropist. Many beneficiaries crowded the church at the funeral. One old man in shabby attire was sobbing pitifully.

"Was the deceased a relative of yours?" he was asked.

"No," replied the man as he wept loudly.

"Then why do you cry?"

"Because he wasn't."



WITH an impressive gesture, the long-haired visitor faced the manager of the radio station.

"I would like to secure a place on your

dramatic staff," he announced impressively.

"Are you an actor?" asked the radio manager.

"Yes."

"Had any experience acting without an audience?"

Tears came to the actor's eyes as he said: "Acting without audiences is why I am here, sir."

IT WAS court day in a country town, and two colored boys from the farm were seated on the curb of the court house lawn. They watched the lawyers, litigants, and onlookers going into the court house. Finally they observed a very fat man, with a big protruding bay window, come striding along with an air of proud superiority.

"Who's de man what carry hisself so perturbrunt?" one of the boys asked.

"Man, dat's a assistant common-wealth's attorney."

"Well, suh, he sho' do present hisself, don't he?"



MOSE and Andy met for the first time in several months.

"Where you been, Mose?" asked Andy.

"In jail, boy."

"What foh?"

"Borrowin' some money."

"Aw, go on, Mose; they don't put people in jail foh borrowin' money, do they?"

"Dey do in some cases. You see, in my case I had to knock the gennelmun down foh 'r five times 'foh he would lend it to me."

COLONEL HUGH SCOTT, manager of the Veterans Facility at Hines, Illinois, tells us of a patient who was undergoing a mental test by a neuropsychiatric examiner.

"Do you know General Hines?" the patient was asked.

"Do I know General Hines?" replied the patient with a knowing smile. "Sure—I've been eating his beans and pickles for the past twenty years."

FROM Williamson, West Virginia, Comrade A. E. Blake writes about two boys who came down to the mountain metropolis for the first time. The most imposing structure in the town was a church. The boys looked at it with admiration for some time. Finally one said:

"It beats the devil, don't it?"

"Sure," replied his friend. "That's what it was built for."

THE town's most disreputable citizen had passed on. A charitable preacher, who was conducting the funeral services and trying to say something by way of consolation to the family, launched into a glowing eulogy of the deceased. As the preacher reached great heights of praise, the widow could restrain herself no longer. She nudged her son and said:

"Harold, you'd better go up and take a look in that coffin. I'm sure it can't be your pappy."



A DOCTOR had prescribed for a patient and was disappointed to see no improvement in his condition when he called the next day.

"Did you follow my prescription?"

"No," replied the patient.

"Why not?" asked the doctor.

"If I had I'd have broken my neck. The darn thing blew out the window."

Their Big Moments

(Continued from page 57)

business and was one of Oxford's substantial business men. He married a young lady who was teaching in the public schools of Oxford and has two of the finest kiddies I ever saw. I visited them and had my big moment when he said, "All I have I owe to the fact that you made me cobbler shoes in France."—W. H. PAYNE, *Bismarck, North Dakota*.

\$10 Prize

IT SET HIM UP IN BUSINESS

DOWN to the last \$100 of the money we had borrowed on the bonus! No job. No prospects of a job. Another baby due in a month. Rent due. And appetites still with us. The depression was just getting a good start and we were among the first casualties. Then my husband found a gas station which, due to local price war conditions and its undesirable location, could be leased for exactly one hundred dollars!

The day he signed the lease and turned over our last precious bonus money will always be the biggest day of my life. That \$100 has made our living for the last 4½ years with every prospect of weathering the depression.

But my husband says his biggest moment was when he plunked down sixty dollars on the cashier's desk at the hospital for the baby that a month before had been headed for the county hospital. Oh, yes, the baby repaid us by coming on the Fourth of July!—MRS. THOMAS N. PRITCHARD, *Glendale, California*.

\$10 Prize

NOBODY WAS HURT

THE trestle was wooden and without guard rails, curving over a rock chasm fifty feet deep and about two hundred wide. The Oregon Short Line had but one track at this particular point in 1914.

Traffic was light so the two-a-day train consisted of an engine, combination car and passenger car. I was in the first or combination car when we hit the trestle on a left curve at about twenty-five miles an hour.

The conductor was taking my ticket as the forward pony truck broke, left the rails, and slewed to the right. As we all grabbed hold of the nearest support I could see through the window that we were hanging over the chasm and buck-jumping the ties.

Fortunately for the other forty passengers and myself, the conductor was unable to reach the emergency cord (although he grabbed at each jump) until we were safely across. The engineer felt the drag but didn't know what had happened until we walked back and found the

trestle a mass of kindling wood on the outside of the curve.

I counted seven children under nine years of age in the back car but their mothers never found out that had the air brakes been applied while we were on the trestle, nothing could have prevented both cars and probably the engine from going into the rocky chasm below.—G. T. STOKES, *New York City*.

\$10 Prize

"MUTUAL HELPFULNESS"

FEBRUARY 8, 1924, found me in Kenosha, Wisconsin, a stranger in a strange land, with a wife and little daughter—hungry, cold and out of luck at landing a job. I had been hunting for a job for several days. I was on the verge of giving up for the day but decided to try two more places. In the first of them I was told there was nothing for me. I lingered a little while to warm my mittenless hands. Suddenly like a rifle crack rang out, "Get out of here, can't you read that sign?" Looking up at the sign referred to I read, "No Loafing." There was just one more place, The American Brass Works. There I was met by a pleasant-faced, heavy-set fellow who said, "Sorry, wish there was work for all but there isn't." Here too I unbuttoned my coat to absorb a little heat.

A fellow sat at a typewriter a short distance away busy at work. All at once he turned to me. "Are you a Legionnaire?" he asked. The words made me feel for my button which I always wear, and which was exposed as I opened my coat to get warm. I told him I helped organize the Simonson Hanson Post of Red Top, Minnesota, in the fall of 1919. He said, "You're a long way from home with your family and without work or money." He turned to the heavy-set man and told him to give me a number. I was told to report for work in the morning. As I was leaving the office the man in charge glanced back over his shoulder from his typewriting and said, "Take good care of that button, buddy." I held that job for two years, but never got a chance to get back around to the employment division to thank my Legionnaire friend but if he sees this I want him to know that he was responsible for my big moment.—KENNETH A. SUNDEEN, *Wautoma, Wisconsin*.

\$10 Prize

DEATH ON THE LOOSE

"WHERE does the anchor chain go when the anchor is pulled up?" many a landlubber has wondered. Well, I know where it is *supposed* to go. Through the anchor engine on the foc'sle, down into a steel-walled locker, where two half-naked, (Continued on page 60)

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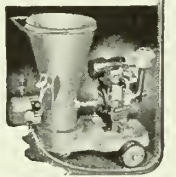


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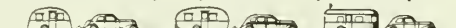
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THE AMERICAN LEGION NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

STATEMENT OF FINANCIAL CONDITION

December 31, 1935

Assets

Cash on hand and on deposit.....	\$ 314,024.70
Notes and accounts receivable.....	28,807.84
Inventories.....	81,549.31
Investments.....	1,387,343.44
Permanent investments:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund.....	186,993.88
Washington Office Building less depreciation.....	130,554.30
Furniture and fixtures less depreciation.....	34,772.46
Pollard Alling Equipment less depreciation.....	474.03
Deferred charges.....	19,533.16

\$2,184,053.12

Liabilities, Deferred Income and Net Worth

Current liabilities.....	\$ 56,698.21
Funds restricted as to use.....	23,713.93
Deferred income.....	451,262.98
Permanent trust:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund.....	186,993.88
Reserve for investment valuation...	9,909.89

\$ 728,578.89

Net Worth:

Restricted capital \$1,299,610.26
Unrestricted capital

155,863.97 \$1,455,474.23

\$2,184,053.12

FRANK E. SAMUEL, National Adjutant

Their Big Moments

(Continued from page 59)

mud-coated, sweating men must coil it in rows and tiers, lest it tangle. It's a back-breaking job, dangerous—and one morning in the harbor at Oran it nearly finished me.

With the mud-hook about half way in, we had the locker half filled with the slimy chain, leaving about four feet clearance. On came the chain, my partner and I tugging, pushing, using hands, feet and dripping backs. Suddenly something snapped overhead—and the heavy chain started back up the chute fast, uncoiling under our feet, whipping madly. My companion was near the ladder, and up he went, but I was blocked by the writhing coils of the monster. I spent a terrifying few seconds, and just as I had resigned myself to being smashed to a pulp, came my big moment. The chain stopped with a bang! A quick-thinking seaman on deck had jammed a discarded drum axle into the hawse pipe, clogging it and stopping the chain.—LEON M. SWANK, *Bellingham, Washington.*

\$10 Prize

THEY THOUGHT HE WAS GONE

MY BIG moment meant life. Nov. 8, 1918, we were ordered to join an offensive of the Second Army. Our objective was Mon-Plaiser farm—one of the most strongly fortified positions of the Germans—near Metz. Incidentally, it was attacked by all American Divisions and was still in the hands of the Germans when the Armistice was signed. Midday of November 10th we put over the attack, my platoon of the 64th Infantry bearing the frontal attack. I was severely wounded, my left arm being shattered by a burst of shell. I was thrown several feet in the air. When I came to, Sergeant Grahl was helping me back to a first aid station. My arm was so badly shattered I took from my pocket a pearl handled knife and begged him to cut off my arm. He refused (later returning the knife to me in the hospital).

We finally reached the first aid station. I was so badly wounded, after a look at me the doctors in charge decided I did not have a chance—they pushed me aside to die. Others who did have a chance were operated on. All through with the others, one of the doctors looked my way and exclaimed, "This fellow is still alive, he looks like he isn't going to die! We had better do something for him." They did, and that was my big moment. I am alive and well to-day, minus my left arm.—JAMES R. TURNER, *Bennettsville, South Carolina.*

\$10 Prize

IN THE WHITE HOUSE

A BIG moment in my life came on a snowy morning in the spring of 1914

when I was doing duty as a nurse at the Naval Hospital, Washington, D. C.

A call had come from Dr. Carey T. Grayson, White House physician and close friend of President Wilson, for nurses to go at once to the White House to nurse Mrs. Ellen Wilson, wife of the President.

When my Chief Nurse told me I had been chosen as one of the nurses to go, it almost took my breath, for I never dreamed that such a privilege and honor as nursing our First Lady would be conferred upon me.

Needless to say, my excitement ran high, but I did not have much time to stop and speculate, as I was to get my bag packed immediately and be ready when a car from the White House came to take me.

To be sure, I was awed at the prospect of meeting the President and his family. I could hardly believe that it was really going to happen, yet it was.

After meeting the President, his daughters, Dr. Grayson and Miss Bones, a niece of the President, then Mrs. Wilson, who was to be my patient, I was fully convinced that by being associated with such charming, gracious and hospitable folks, I was in for a wonderfully pleasant experience.

And was Mrs. Wilson a nice patient? I should say she was! She could not be surpassed for her sweet patience, gentleness and consideration for all those about her. Now when I go over my past experiences, this one lingers as does a beautiful dream.—LILY E. WHITE VAIL, R. N., *Norfolk, Virginia.*

\$10 Prize

HE SPOKE THEIR LANGUAGE

IT HAPPENED in Belgium with the 1st Division. Audenarde was our objective. After driving the Germans out of a small village, we paused for an hour to rest and eat.

Early teaching at my grandmother's knee enabled me to listen in on Flemish words of welcome—and I also heard something else—an old man muttering to a group of cronies and young boys. "Let's cut their hair now," he said. Shouts of approval, a rush for the door of the estaminet, and they were gone.

My exploring steps led me to a corner of the town. Suddenly out of an alley rushed a woman, wild-eyed, pale as death, panting, praying to be delivered from a mob at her heels. They hurled sticks, stones and bricks, but not a sharpshooter in the bunch, thank God. Any of a half-dozen missiles, had they landed, would have killed her.

"What has this woman done that you are demanding her life?" I roared in Flemish. Said their spokesman, "She has

willingly bestowed her charms on German lovers while her husband has been away fighting his heart out for his country."

"Yes, and that isn't all," said another. "There are girls whose hair we are bobbing as a symbol of disgraceful conduct with enemy soldiers."

"Well, they certainly deserve a haircut," I agreed, "but I hate to see you kill a woman."

They compromised on a haircut.—EDWARD TE VELTRUP, *Sioux Center, Iowa.*

\$10 Prize

A BATTLE WON

HE WAS an overseas veteran limping about the grounds of a Government Hospital where I was the telephone operator. Day by day I watched him getting a little slower—face whiter—more drawn. I thought how he must have looked going to war—young, fine looking, laughing. Now twelve years later he was just—waiting.

Once he came on in and asked to speak to the M. O. C. I noticed then a certain gallant look about his eyes. One afternoon he didn't come on his walk with the other white-robed patients. A fear struck

me. Three weeks. The nurse told me he would never leave his bed. He couldn't possibly recover. Then one night the O. D. told me to be sure and summon him if Ward 17 called. He expected Joe would die that night. By every law of medicine he couldn't last till morning. I was tense all evening. Nothing happened. Days passed. Then one afternoon someone stopped at the window. It was Joe—dressed in a new suit and looking fine. I looked my astonishment.

"I know," he said. "They thought I would take the count but—well, I had too much work to do so—." He didn't admit using faith but in the moment I could understand how he was clinging to the torch his buddies had tossed to him when they went over the top in France. As he went to catch the bus to look for a job I thrilled because he came out victorious in the biggest fight of his life.—HELEN C. WILLSEY, *Boise, Idaho.*

The last instalment of prize-winning Big Moment stories will be printed in the April issue of the Monthly. It is now too late to submit entries, the final day for their receipt at the Monthly's New York office having been February 1st of this year.

The Muzzled Press of Europe

(Continued from page 29)

Action Française, in lampooning his political adversaries, starts in with "hellhound" and "assassin" and from that level works down into the very sewers of personal diatribe, without danger either of arrest or of being challenged to a duel.

Recently Henri Beraud, distinguished French author, occupied the entire front page of the weekly, "*Guinguette*" with a hymn of hate against England so scurrilous that the British Embassy at once demanded, and secured, the suppression of the entire edition.

Even so, if the paper too greatly offends the government it may overnight be eliminated altogether. Clemenceau at the outbreak of the World War edited the "Free Man." He offended and was suppressed. But the cunning Tiger at once turned tables on his adversaries, by next morning bringing out the same paper under the new title of the *Man in Chains*. This *riposte* caused such laughter at the government's expense that it did not again interfere for several years. Late in 1917 his front page editorial column on several mornings appeared entirely blank except for his signature at the bottom. He was then a member of the Senate but seldom attended. On the third morning of the censor's persecution, he announced his intention to state what had been prohibited in his newspaper, from the Tribune of the Senate. The result of his terrible arraignment that followed, the most ripping, tearing speech ever delivered in the history of French politics, caused the

immediate downfall of the government and his own ascension to power. France in those days was of course under direct censorship, as were all nations engaged in the war.

The wartime censorship even in Great Britain and the United States is a sorry story. The public constantly was fed propaganda that reeked with falsehood and time after time deluded with ghastly distortions of the actual facts. Today in the great powers governed by dictators the situation is even worse.

In Nazi Germany, Fascist Italy and Soviet Russia almost the entire population is under the complete domination of Hitler, Mussolini and Stalin, while the remaining minority is powerless and inarticulate. These despots have wiped out every vestige of intellectual freedom. The new generation is taught to believe not only that they must not read *that*, but they must read, and believe only *this*. Editors must bow to the regime, or they are no longer editors. In Germany overnight the best press in Europe was wiped out, hundreds of papers with generations of tradition disappeared, and in their stead the political propaganda of the Nazis floods the nation, poisoning a public already mentally warped as a result of the war. The peoples of these nations therefore are made irresponsible politically by this unceasing tripe. They know nothing beyond what they are told, permitted to find out nothing for themselves, the censorship (Continued on page 62)

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The Muzzled Press of Europe

(Continued from page 61)

being the overlordship that forces them to absorb anything that is politically expedient, no matter how untrue. And what the outer world thinks about them, they have not the slightest notion. In Russia this is somewhat understandable, inasmuch as for years, the illiterate peasant ten miles from the railroad did not know that Czarism had given way to Communism, but in enlightened states like Germany and Italy it seems incredible.

From the foregoing it is quite easy to understand how circumspect a foreign correspondent must be when stationed in Rome, Moscow or Berlin. He tries his best to present the facts, but always the handicap is heavy.

During twenty-five years as foreign representative for American publications, while I never have been "handed my passports" so to speak, and summarily invited to leave my post, it has been my distinction on several occasions to have official barriers raised against my return, and always for a reason either utterly ludicrous or entirely unknown.

Some years ago Soviet Russia decided to do without my presence, not for any personal reason but merely because I then represented a publication too utterly upper *bourgeoisie* to suit Communist literary taste. Afterwards when I worked for a newspaper of lesser caste, I was forgiven.

Again, I was warned to keep away from Germany for at least a year because in an article where I had highly praised the German economic recovery after the

war, I had portrayed Hindenburg smoking a pipe. He did not smoke a pipe, declared almost the entire outraged press of the Reich. The Marshal-President smoked only cigarettes. Later this sin was pardoned and I resided in Berlin for over a year, unfettered in the slightest degree. But once again, after leaving the country, I learned that my name was on the famous "black list" of journalistic undesirables—almost headed it, in fact, and for what reason never have I been able to learn. Only a short while ago I wanted to go from Paris to Vienna by airplane. The trip necessitated a ten minutes' stop and change of planes at Nuremberg. I asked for a German transit visa and the curt reply was, "Not for you."

It is not difficult to get the best of the censor if one is fairly adroit and willing to take chances of what may happen afterwards, any more so than it was for me to get to Vienna, on time, by another route. I have beaten him time and again, when the game seemed worth the candle. The removal of Joffre as Commander-in-Chief of the French armies was an outstanding "scoop" of the war, credited to me because after my dispatch had been suppressed four times at the censor's office, I forgot all about the censor, sent it to the private address of my editor as an ordinary full-rate instead of press telegram. It was hazily worded, but my editor, who was a great journalist, understood it. I pictured Joffre as the local manager of our French office, insisting also that I be relieved of all responsibility

in the matter. It appeared under a full page heading, date-lined Washington instead of Paris, which saved me from getting an expulsion order, and was ahead of the official communiqué by seven days. But everyone knew it in Paris, I presumed the Germans were well aware of it, so for the life of me, I could see no reason why this really important information should be held secret from the United States.

An eminent Minister of State, during the war, gave me a personal interview, written by his own hand. At the censor's office it was thought advisable that it receive the ministerial visa before being placed on the wire. This was accomplished, also in the statesman's own handwriting. Another censor was on the job when the missive came back, and he was still not quite sure whether it was proper, although it was all about how the United States, then just entering the war, might best serve the cause of the Allies. So it went back for a second time to the ministerial sanctum and again it was returned, this time with a scrawl also in the same handwriting across the top that under *no circumstances* was it to be published. This document, written, approved and rejected for publication by the same hand, I have carefully preserved as evidence of stupidity on the part of the censor.

Citations against censorship are without end. Meanwhile the institution thrives lustily, as specters of disease, destruction and death that march hand-in-hand with war, draw near.

Blood Brothers

(Continued from page 33)

the plan and found it very successful. Partial help was given in eight schools. The whole effort enabled hundreds of boys and girls to keep on going to school."

Follow-up

ST. PETERSBURG (Florida) Post, in its home city which has thousands of winter visitors, has had as many as thirty-five Legionnaires from other States attend a single meeting, reports Post Adjutant Ray E. Lee. And St. Petersburg Post tries to make sure that when its visitors return to their home posts they won't forget to tell those posts what they saw and heard while they were Legion guests in Florida. The post sends a specially-printed post card, bearing a picture of the post clubhouse and a message, to the home post of each visitor. The message says: "Comrade

Blank, a member of your post, attended our regular post meeting last evening. When he returns to your city he will tell you all about the Legion activities in our city. A hearty welcome awaits you here."

An Idea for Any Post

WHEN a member of The American Legion in Harrison County, Iowa, requires hospitalization urgently or an emergency surgical operation, the Service Officer of his post is always able to expedite assistance by producing immediately a certified copy of the Legionnaire's army discharge. Through a system devised by County Commander H. D. Bauerle of Woodbine, each Post Adjutant has prepared certified copies of the discharges of all members of his post and has had them officially recorded at the County Court House.

"Thus," writes James E. Foote, "there is a triple guarantee that the necessary copy of the discharge certificate will always be available on short notice. The veteran keeps his original certificate, the Adjutant of his post has a certified copy of it and it is on record in the County Recorder's office. The recording and certification of discharges is done without charge by the County Recorder, under Iowa law. Most other States have laws permitting the recording of certificates without charge or for a small fee."

Memphis vs. Omaha

AN INTERESTING post membership race for 1936 was forecast when final figures for 1935 showed that Memphis (Tennessee) Post had won from Omaha (Nebraska) Post the title of the world's largest Legion post by a margin

of only ten members. Memphis had 2,067, Omaha 2,057. The figures showed that twenty other posts had more than 1,000 members in 1935, and indicated that some of these would have a chance in 1936 to top both Memphis and Omaha. Toward the top last year were Leyden-Chiles-Wickersham Post of Denver, with 1,693; Portland (Oregon) Post, 1,469; Dan Tallon (post office) Post, New York City, 1,440; Fresno (California) Post, 1,313; Oklahoma City Post, 1,209; New York City Police Post, 1,196; M. M. Eberts Post, Little Rock, Arkansas, 1,184, and Chicago Police Post, 1,151.

Five posts climbed into the 1,000-member class for the first time in 1935; Argonne Post, Des Moines, Iowa; Franklin Post, Columbus, Ohio; Harvey W. Seeds Post, Miami, Florida; Nashville (Tennessee) Post, and Becker-Chapman Post, Waterloo, Iowa.

Others were: Hanford Post, Cedar Rapids, Iowa; Koch-Conley Post, Scranton, Pennsylvania; Jefferson Post, Louisville, Kentucky; Karl Ross Post, Stockton, California; Lincoln (Nebraska) Post; Henry H. Houston, 2d, Post, Philadelphia, and Peoria (Illinois) Post.

Up and Up

THE Delaware Department won high honors when it was announced by National Headquarters on January 20th that Delaware was the first Department to equal or exceed its 1936 membership quota. With a quota of 1164, it had 1173 paid-up membership cards at Indianapolis on January 20th, a month earlier than the first Department attained its quota in 1935. For its showing, Delaware wins the Gouraud Trophy. In the Legion as a whole, paid-up membership for 1936 stood at an even 500,000 on January 20th, a big lead over previous records.

Star-Award Members

LEON J. WETZEL Post of Winona, Minnesota, invented a game to com-

plete a check-up of the years in which all its members had been on the rolls, and as a result Post Adjutant H. D. Cory recommended to Department Adjutant C. A. Zweiner 46 men for the three-star 15-year membership award, 52 for the two-star 10-year award and 52 for the one-star five-year award.

The post, organized in 1919, had no membership cards for years prior to 1923, but old-timers sat around a table and helped in the compilation of the rolls for the earliest years. Then the cards for each year were checked by those at the round table.

After the lists for all seventeen years had been checked, Post Adjutant Cory sent to each current member a post card bearing across the bottom a list of all the years. Red check marks on each card showed the years in which the member receiving it was known to have held his membership.

"The sending out of the post cards was followed by one of the most successful meetings we have had in years," reports Mr. Cory.

Roll Call

PETER B. KYNE, who wrote "Erin Go Bragh," was the first Historian of the California Department . . . Frederick Palmer and Marquis James are members of S. Rankin Drew Post of New York City . . . John Oskison belongs to Dale Peace Post of Vinita, Oklahoma . . . Jerry Owen is a member of Portland (Oregon) Post . . . The late Henry W. Daly was a member of Jasper Post of Washington, D. C. . . Wythe Williams is a member of Paris (France) Post. .

W. J. Aylward, who made the cover design, is a Vice Commander of Port Washington (New York) Post . . . Herb Roth belongs to Larchmont (New York) Post . . . Herbert Morton Stoops is a member of Jefferson Feigl First Division Post of New York City . . . George Shanks belongs to Reville Post of Brooklyn, New York.

PHILIP VON BLON

When We Washed Our Own

(Continued from page 37)

Cleveland national convention reunions may be obtained from the Legionnaires whose names appear:

4th Div. Assoc.—National and Ohio State Chapter reunions. Roy L. Hiller, chmn., 418 Burleigh av., Dayton, Ohio.

14th ENGRS.—Convention reunion. Send name and address to Carroll E. Scott, 54 College av., Medford, Mass., for monthly paper, the *News*.

23d ENGRS. Assoc.—Convention reunion. Henry J. Sterk, secy-treas., 3938 W. 62d st., Chicago, Ill. Also write to Bonny H. Benson, editor, for official paper, *The Engineer Along the Highway of Life*.

29th ENGRS.—Members interested in reunion at Legion national convention, write to R. J. Richardson, care *Times Press*, Akron, Ohio, or H. E. Seifert, 4 Tonkin ct., Kent, Ohio.

AMER. R. R. TRANS. CORPS A. E. F. VETS.—Reunion. Gerald J. Murray, natl. adjt., 1210 Watson av., Scranton, Pa.

EVAC. Hosp. No. 6 VETS. Assoc.—Convention

reunion. Russell I. Prentiss, South Lincoln, Mass. NATL. ASSOC. AMER. BALLOON CORPS VETS.—Annual reunion. Carl D. McCarthy, comdg. offer., Kempton, Ind.; Craig S. Herbert, personnel offer., 3333 N. 18th st., Philadelphia, Pa.

326th INF., Co. I and M. G. Co.—Proposed reunion by mail and plans for national convention reunion. Jack Steinlen, Clinton Corners, Dutchess Co., N. Y.

224th AERO SQDRY.—Proposed reunion. M. V. Matthews, 2208 Cuming st., Omaha, Nebr.

Here is a new veterans' organization for the record: The Society of Crossed Quills of America. Larry Deutzman, editor of the *Smithtown Messenger*, Smithtown Branch, L. I., N. Y., reports that "it is the name of the new Field Clerk organization, (Continued on page 64)

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If you have trouble with too frequent bladder passages with scanty amount causing burning and discomfort, the 15 Miles of kidney tubes may need flushing out. This danger signal may be the beginning of nagging backache, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes and dizziness.

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Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c at all drug stores. © 1935, C.M.Co.

When We Washed Our Own

(Continued from page 63)

started in St. Louis with the co-operation of Sam R. Heller of Norfolk, Virginia, William J. Mueller of St. Louis, and myself.

"The idea of the Field Clerks is to get together socially and informally, revive old memories and talk over future plans. It may surprise many to learn that Field Clerks have won Purple Heart decorations and have had other citations, besides those for the Battles of Vin Rouge, Vin Blanc and Paris. That many of them went into the battle lines with their outfits is also not generally known.

"Among the members already signed up are Harry G. Taylor of Florida, H. E. Fryxell of Illinois, B. M. Morenz of Maryland, J. W. Mason and E. A. Batkins of Virginia, T. R. Lowden and H. M. Lewin of Massachusetts.

"Ex-Field Clerks are asked to send their names and addresses to W. J. Mueller, secretary, 3316 North Ninth Street, St. Louis, Missouri."

Announcements of activities of other veterans' organizations follow:

3D Div.—Send name and address to George Dobbs, 9 Colby st., Belmont, Mass., for free copy of *The Watch on the Rhine*.

4TH Div.—Natl. 4th Div. Assoc. wants to contact men interested in organizing 4th Div. Chapters in Oregon, Washington, Montana, Wyoming, North and South Dakota. Copy of *Try Leaves* and application for Château-Thierry Medal sent free to men who send name, address and outfit, with stamped return envelope to Carlton E. Dunn, 8514-160 st., Jamaica, L. I., N. Y.

4TH Div., N. J. CHAPTER—Reunion and dinner, Sat. eve., Mar. 21, Hotel Douglas, Hill & Broad sts., Newark. Harry E. Phillips, secy., 510 Walnut st., Elizabeth, N. J.

5TH Div. Society—Annual national reunion, Providence, R. I., Sept. 5-7, in conjunction with 300th anniversary celebration of founding of Providence. Walter F. Pears, gen. chmn., 62 Louis av., Providence and Wm. Barton Bruce, 48 Ayrault st., Providence.

YANKEE (26TH) Div. VETS. Assoc.—National convention, Worcester, Mass., June 26-28. Edwin J. Noyes, gen. secy., Bancroft Hotel, Worcester.

RAINBOW (42D) Div. VETS.—Annual national convention-reunion, Kansas City, Mo., July 13-15. *The Rainbow Reveille* is your paper; write for free copy, stating your outfit, to Harold B. Rodier, editor, 717 Sixth st., N. W., Washington, D. C.

OHIO RAINBOW Div. VETS. Assoc.—Annual reunion, Mayflower Hotel, Akron, Ohio, June 5-6. Dale F. Powers, 56 Kent rd., Tallmadge, Ohio. Write to Jack Henry, secy., Marysville, Ohio, for free copy of *The Ohio Rainbow Reveille*.

77TH Div. Assoc.—Membership entitles holder to all privileges of clubhouse, 28 E. 39th st., New York City. Jack Simonson, care of clubhouse.

78TH Div. Assoc.—Mid-summer reunion, Camp Dix, N. J., July 24-26. John Kennedy, secy., New Hope, Pa.

308TH INF.—Reunion dinner, Roger Smith Restaurant, 40 E. 41st st., New York City, Feb. 29. Treasurer, 28 E. 39th st., New York City.

310TH INF.—Reunion, Providence, R. I., date to be announced. John P. Riley, 151 Wendell st., Providence.

9TH INF., Co. M.—Proposed reunion, Syracuse, N. Y., with New York Dept. Legion convention in Aug. Leo J. Bailey, Canastota, N. Y.

108TH INF., M. G. Co.—13th reunion dinner, Powers Hotel, Rochester, N. Y., Mar. 28. Wm. H. Becker, 583 Carson av., Rochester.

109TH INF., Co. K.—For revision of mailing list, report to Marcus S. DeWolf, secy., 128 S. Florida av., Atlantic City, N. J.

112TH INF., M. G. Co.—Letter reunion. Write to H. L. Millward, secy., 24 Commerce st., Ithaca, Pa.

308TH INF., Co. K.—Reunion dinner, 77th Div. Clubhouse, 28 E. 39th st., New York City, May 2. S. Reiss, 105 Bennett av., New York City.

313TH M. G. BN.—Photographs, diaries and all records are wanted by L. E. Welk, 310 Commerce bldg., Erie, Pa., for battalion history.

59TH PIONEER INF.—Proposed reunion. Those interested write to John J. Dugan, P. O. Box 607, Wilmington, Del.

322D F. A. Assoc.—17th reunion, Hamilton, Ohio, date to be announced. L. B. Fritsch, secy., P. O. Box 324, Hamilton.

313TH F. S. BN.—To complete roster and obtain information about reunion, report to Dr. Chas. L. Jones, Gilmore City, Iowa.

308TH M. P., 83D Div.—Reunion, Elks Club, Canton, Ohio, Apr. 18. Harry Heidenfelder, 1439 Orchard Grove av., Lakewood, Ohio.

VETS. OF 13TH ENGRS., Ry.—7th reunion, Des Moines, Iowa, June 20-21. James A. Elliott, secy-treas., 721 E. 21st st., Little Rock, Ark.

15TH ENGRS., Co. D—Reunion, Fort Pitt Hotel, Pittsburgh, Pa., Apr. 25. R. L. Knight, 224 N. Aiken av., Pittsburgh (6), Pa.

31ST Ry. ENGRS.—8th annual reunion, Denver, Colo., in Aug. F. E. Love, secy-treas., 104½ First st., S. W., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

62D ENGRS.—Vets. are requested to contribute pictures, stories, etc., to H. Work, 521 Riverside av., Covington, Va., for history.

109TH ENGRS., 34TH Div.—For new roster, write to L. Owen Risdale, 1718 Park av., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

85TH AERO SQDRN.—Proposed letter reunion. Carl T. Felker, 730 Greeley av., Webster Groves, Mo.

210TH AERO SQDRN.—Reunion, Champaign, Ill., in Aug. H. S. Lewis, 107 W. White st., Champaign.

267TH AERO SQDRN.—Reunion, Indianapolis, May 31. Lloyd Hessey, 3537 Kenwood, Indianapolis.

305-6-7-8TH F. H. and AMB. Cos., 77TH Div.—Reunion in May. Dr. Samuel A. Laitin, 45-15 Parsons blvd., Flushing, N. Y.

GEN. HOSP. No. 1, GUN HILL ROAD, N. Y.—Vets. in N. Y.—New England area, report to Dr. Ben Luntz, 197 Asylum st., Hartford, Conn.

AIR SERV., ESSINGTON, Pa., and LAKE CHARLES, La.—17th annual reunion, Essington, Pa., in May. S. H. Paul, 520 E. Gravers Lane, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, Pa.

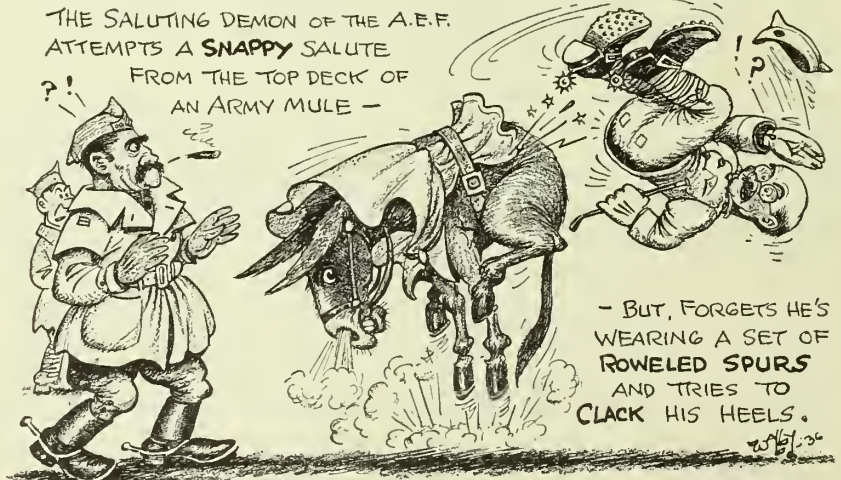
160TH INF., Co. I (formerly Co. E, INF., CALIF. N. G.)—Proposed reunion. Report to Frank I. Bailey, care American Legion, Santa Monica, Calif.

325TH SUPPLY Co., Q. M. C.—Proposed organization. Send names and addresses to Selwyn Smith, adjt., Jack Kimball Post, A. L., Cass Lake, Minn.

JOHN J. NOLL

The Company Clerk

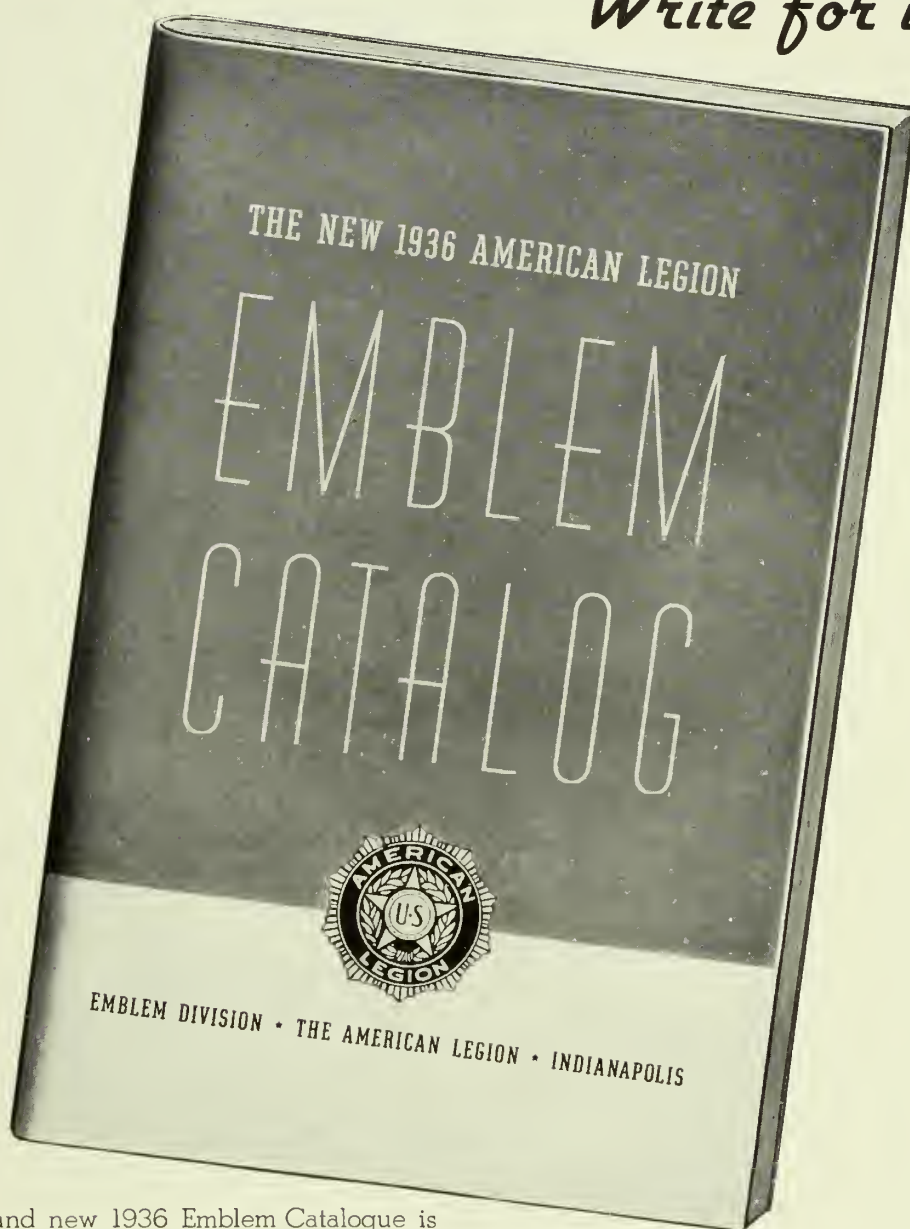
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THAT SHOULD BE STRONG ENOUGH TO HOLD THEM



THE ONE I WANT IS IN THAT HERD

I GO GET BEATERS



"AT A SIGNAL THE ELEPHANTS ARE STAMPEDED TOWARD THE TRAP"



"THE ENRAGED HERD, MADDENED BY THE NOISE, THUNDERS BLINDLY INTO THE KRAAL —"



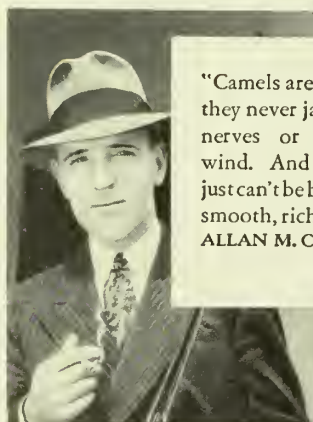
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